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THE
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A TALE.

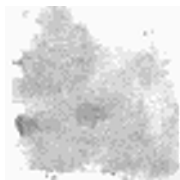
"The earth has bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them: whither have they vanished?"

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THE
CASTLE OF ALTENHEIM, &c.

CHAPTER I.

'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!
SHAKESPEARE.

How could he gaze upon that beauteous form,
Nor feel his soul with chaste affection warm.

The sun had sunk beneath the western ocean, the mist of grey twilight had retired from the landscape, and the moon arose attended by her twinkling train, when Ferdinand, Count Altenheim, and prince of the holy Roman empire, ordered the governess of the fair and beauteous Amelia, his daughter to attend him in his study.

"Editha," said he, when they were seated, "I have sent for you, to communicate something of the most serious and interesting nature."

"My Lord," replied Editha, "let me hear your commands, and you know I shall obey them."

"Those too you shall know, my good Editha," rejoined Ferdinand, "but first listen to a brief tale which I shall relate. Twenty seven years have

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elapsed, since I became acquainted with the noble D'Arinhault, prince of Pandolfo."

"I am anticipating a rich repast," interrupted Editha, "a rich repast, my lord, in your story."

"Then you will be disappointed," answered Ferdinand, "but listen and don't interrupt me. We became bosom friends, and soon after, I had the pleasure of seeing him united to an amiable and beautiful woman."

"I remember the dear lady," said Editha.

"One day," continued the count, "when we together were scouring the forest in the chase, we were checked in our speed by the cries of distress. We listened and they were repeated. We hastened to the spot from whence the sounds had issued, and near the foot of a shattered oak, we found a child wrapped in a wretched mantle, screaming piteously."

"Unhappy innocent," said Editha.

"I would have received him," continued the count, "and reared him as my own, but D'Arinhault seemed forcibly struck with the appearance of the infant and insisted upon taking him to the castle, accordingly, he was borne thither by the attendants.—That same youth is now D'Arinhault, Prince of Pandolfo."

"Indeed my Lord!" exclaimed the governess.

"You shall hear," proceeded Altenheim. "Two or three years after this event, D'Arinhault visited me, to congratulate me on the birth of my daughter, which event had then taken place. He informed me that his hopes of an heir had expired, as his princess was in an ill state of health and that he had determined to adopt the foundling of the wood. And, said he, taking me apart, 'should my young son do, for that is his name, have given him, and he live, and yet should the bloom of life and years of youth in our houses be united by a marriage between them?'"

"I was grateful for the honour, and solemnly pro-

mised, that should I outlive him, and Montaldo and Amelia exist at a proper age, I would see them united, he promising the same, should I die before him."

"Did you my lord!" cried Editha, trembling violently.

"I did," returned Altenheim; "and that was the reason why I kept her from court, that no suitors might put me to the unpleasant necessity of a denial. About a year after this my countess died, leaving me no issue but my daughter; and in about nine years succeeding that catastrophe, contrary to all expectation, the Princess of Pandolfo was delivered of a son, in giving birth to whom, she left this world and an afflicted husband."

"I remember that mournful event," said Editha.

"One day," continued Altenheim, "Montaldo had taken the young prince into an adjoining wood to enjoy the refreshing breezes that played through its leafy foliage. After being absent about two hours, he returned alone, disfigured with blood, and a wound gaping in his right arm."

"O! shocking!" exclaimed the governess.

"The story he related was more so," said the count, "for he informed us, that he had scarcely entered the wood before they were attacked by ruffians in disguise; 'I drew my sword,' said he, 'in defence of the prince, but what could my weak arm against their savage fury!'"

"Truly but little," interrupted the loquacious old woman.

"I rushed upon them," said Montaldo," continued Altenheim, "but one with his sabre wounded me in the sword arm, and I was helpless! I followed them, however, shrieking in vain for help, and saw them throw the young prince, all scarred with wounds, into the river! Fatigued and faint with the loss of blood, I sunk upon the beach. When I regained my senses, no one, nothing was to be seen, but traces of

blood, and the cloak of the prince, crimsoned with his gore!"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Editha.

"Nothing could equal the grief of D'Arinhault," proceeded Ferdinand; "upon hearing this relation. The wound of Montaldo was dressed, and by the tragic event he became once more the heir of Pandolfo."

"What a dreadful tale! but was there never any clue to guide a search for the murderers?"

"None," answered Altenheim. "I remained at the castle some time, endeavoring to alleviate the sorrow of my friend, but finding every effort ineffectual, I left him with deep regret. He never recovered his loss; and about a year ago, a letter from Montaldo informed me of his death, his own accession to the title and estates of the deceased D'Arinhault, and politely mentioning the expectations he entertained of being united to my family."

"Strange story," observed Editha as the count concluded, "but the intention of your lordship is—"

"That you may know," interrupted Altenheim, "I this night leave the castle, to escort Prince Pandolfo hither to receive the hand of my daughter in marriage."

"More wonderful, my lord," said Editha, "but have my young lady's inclinations been consulted?"

"That was unnecessary," replied the count; "my promise is sacred; she is my daughter, and she knows her duty is to obey me. Do I not consult her happiness by marrying her to the second personage in the empire?—S'death, what did you make that observation for old woman? But now for my commands, which you were so anxious to know. They are these, that you acquaint Amelia with my intentions and prepare her to receive D'Arinhault as her husband."

"I shall obey you, my lord," answered Editha; "but I fear it will be unwelcome news to her."

"She will, she shall obey me!" exclaimed the count.

Ferdinand commanded Editha to go and bid Weitzer, his squire, to prepare for their departure. The horses were soon equipped, and when the bell of the castle tolled the solemn hour of twelve, Count Altenheim, attended by a small retinue, left his home and proceeded to the palace of D'Arinhault near the town of Dusseldorp.

The castle of Altenheim was situated on the Albion, a little river branching from the Weser which empties itself into the German ocean. The building was of gothic structure; the towering pile impressed the soul with veneration, and the frowning turrets seemed to look down terror on the amazed beholder.

The only inhabitants of this venerable building, now its master had left it, were the young and beautiful Amelia and the youthful and no less engaging Florival, a page, whom Altenheim, struck with his beauty and graceful manners, had received from his mother, a poor peasant that inhabited a cottage on the domain of the castle, the old governess, and several unnecessary servants who were retained as much in charity, as for the appearance of a splendid household.

Florival had been the constant attendant of Amelia, shared in her pleasure and was grieved for her childish afflictions. Left entirely to follow the inclination of her heart, Amelia would rise early to enjoy the fragrance of the morning, and listen to the harmonious anthems of the feathered songsters or trip through the dewy grass across the spacious field, and pluck the spontaneous productions of nature from the emblossomed spray; in all which she was attended by Florival, who seemed to anticipate her commands, for her wishes were sometimes not uttered before they were gratified. No dangers could intimidate,

nor difficulties impede his way, when he was pursuing the gratification of his fair companion. Often when fatigued with their delights they would rest beneath the spreading foliage of the oak, and her head supported by the tender Florival, Amelia would recline upon the grass until the castle bell summoned them to return. Sometimes they would bear the most delicate productions of the castle to Minda, the mother of Florival, and heedless of the summoning bell, would partake of her homely, but wholesome breakfast.

The morning after the departure of Altenheim, the shades of night had just retired and the beams of the sun had not yet drank dews from the summit of the hills, or sipped the fragrance of the fields, when Amelia and Florival forsook the couch of rest and hastened to enjoy the beauties of the infant day. Lightly they bounded over the fields and plucked as they went, the wild flowers still "glist'ring with dew." Not suffering the slight obstruction of a hedge to turn them from their course, Florival leaped over it first, and Amelia followed him; but her foot catching in the furze she stumbled, and though standing on the edge of a steep, Florival determined to save his mistress at the expense of his life.—She came headlong from the hedge, and must inevitably have precipitated herself over the brow of the hill, had not the undaunted youth placed himself before her. He at first expanded his arms to receive her, but in an instant remembering that should the force with which she fell, throw him from the hill, she must sink also, he stood firm; and Amelia falling against him, cast the youth headlong down, but came herself securely, and with little injury, to the ground.

Nothing could exceed the agony of her soul on perceiving the brave youth who had risked his life to preserve hers, laying senseless in a little rivulet at the bottom of the hill. She raved and tore her hair,

and was upon the point of casting herself down, when she perceived two peasants raising the lifeless Florival and supporting him in their arms. After a few minutes he seemed a little to recover, and presently she beheld him on his feet supported by the peasants. "He lives, he lives, my dear Florival lives!" cried the enraptured maid, as she rushed round the hill, and was in an instant beside the bruised youth.

"Dear and generous Florival!" said she, as she received his head upon her bosom.

"Dear Florival!" murmured the youth.

"For me you have suffered this;" continued Amelia, "and I shall never forgive myself for having been the cause of your misfortune."

Florival seized her hand with fervour, then suddenly recollecting himself, let it fall, and said:

"If I have saved your life, it is a sufficient reward, but no doubt the noble Altenheim will thank me for the safety of his daughter, suffer no unpleasant sensations on my account; if I were now to die I should be happy, for I could not perish in a nobler cause."

Amelia was astonished at his manner, but could not forbear exclaiming, "Noble, disinterested Florival! I pray you," continued she to the peasants, "bear the dear youth gently to the castle, and you shall receive my thanks together with a rich reward."

"Dear youth!" sighed Florival again.

"As to the reward, madam," said one of the peasants, "we wish no other than the conscious pride of having done a good action; but if there is another reward equal to that, it is your thanks and the satisfaction of having assisted the good and universally beloved Florival."

"Generous men!" cried Amelia, "but is it possible, that any one can love Florival as well as I?"

"Powers of bliss!" cried the youth, forgetting his wounds, starting up and gazing steadfastly in the face of Amelia.

For the first time she blushed at the glance of Florival; he perceived it and immediately withdrew his hand and begged to be carried to the castle.— When Florival was gently placed upon the couch, Amelia flew to Editha to inform her of the accident, and pass her high, but well-merited encomiums upon the gallant youth, who had been the means of preserving her life at the hazard of his own.

She met the governess in the garden and throwing her arms around her neck, exclaimed:

“Ah! my good Editha, I have been seeking you this morning, to impart something which you will be rejoiced to hear!”

“And I, my good lady,” answered Editha, “have been seeking you, to impart something that I am sure you will *not* rejoice to hear!”

“Well then,” replied Amelia, “don’t let me hear it now; first let me tell you about Florival.” She then related the adventures of the morning.

“Well now hear me,” rejoined Editha.

“I cannot hear any thing,” answered the maid, “that does not relate to Florival, I must instantly go and inform my dear father of the affair.”

“Stop, my lady,” cried the governess, “what I have to tell does relate to Florival.”

“Indeed!” said Amelia returning.

“And if you wish to see your father,” continued the old woman, “you must follow him to Dusseldorp.”

“My father gone to Dusseldorp!” exclaimed Amelia, “and I know nothing of it! but to visit whom?”

“The young Prince Pandolfo!” answered Editha.

“And what can be the purpose of his visit,” demanded the maid, “that he should depart so suddenly?”

“To escort D’Arinhault to the castle,” replied Editha.

“Here!” exclaimed Amelia.

"But come into this arbour," said Editha, "I will relate the circumstance and then fulfil my lord's commands."

Terror was seated upon the visage of Amelia, and an unusual tremour shook her fair frame, as she followed the governess, seated herself upon the grassy sod within the arbour, and had not the fresh breezes of the morning played revivingly through the leafy mansion, she would have fainted with dreadful anxiety.

"Be quick, be quick, Editha," said she, "lest the anticipation of your tale should render me unfit to hear the actual recital!"

"Let me conjure you, my dear lady," returned Editha, "not to give way to feelings of this nature, for believe me, what I have to relate will require all your fortitude!"

"Gracious powers!" exclaimed the agonized Amelia.

"But listen, lady," proceeded the governess, "and let me, at least, discharge my duty to the Count of Altenheim.

She then related to Amelia the story she had heard from the count, and concluded by informing her of the reason of his visit to Dusseldorp, and his commands to herself. She had scarce concluded before Amelia sunk into her arms, exclaiming:

"Oh! Florival, I never knew, till now, that I indeed do love you!"

The colour fled from her cheeks, her lips grew pale, and her eyes lost their wonted brightness, as she fainted on the bosom of her governess.

"'Tis as I feared," sighed Editha, and her peace is destroyed for ever."

She now perceived the situation of Amelia, and shrieking loudly for assistance, (for which, however, she called in vain, the garden being remote from the habitable parts of the castle,) she recalled the wan-

dering senses of Amelia, who raised her eyes, streaming with tears, towards Editha, and feebly articulated,

"Must I indeed be married to Pandolfo!"

"Alas! my dear lady," said the governess, "I fear it is too true, I fear it is the determination of Count Altenheim."

"No," cried the maiden, regaining a firm tone, and a determined resolution, "I will not sacrifice myself to the cruelty of an ambitious father! I will refuse to marry D'Arinhault, let the consequences be what they may."

"They would indeed be ruin!" cried Editha, "let me conjure you, my lady, to forsake that resolution; it would exasperate your father, and instead of preventing would only hasten your marriage."

"You are right, Editha!" returned Amelia, "alas! I am undone! no, I will tell Pandolfo, that I cannot love him, and if his soul contain one spark of honour, he will withdraw his suit and leave me happy."

"That is more wise," said the governess, "but very much I fear 'twill all be vain, the promise of Altenheim was solemnly given! therefore, my dear lady, come to the determination calmly to submit, should your efforts prove ineffectual, in softening the obduracy of your father's inclinations."

"Submit!" cried Amelia, wildly, "O! you are mad to say so, sooner would I forsake my father and wander a friendless outcast, sooner fly with Florival, than murder my repose with D'Arinhault!"

"You forget, my lady," said Editha, "that your marriage with Florival would bring dishonour on yourself."

"Dishonour!" interrupted Amelia, "I had almost wished thee dumb for that one word, Editha! dishonoured! dishonoured indeed with Pandolfo, but with Florival, never! his bosom is the shrine of virtue and of honour. But be my fate what it may, I will never marry Pandolfo!"

CHAPTER II.

His eye looked wan, and from his youthful cheek
The hue of health retired.

The earth has bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them : whither have they vanished?
SHAKSPEARE.

The lady Amelia with the governess now proceeded to the castle, and finding Florival considerably better, the former went immediately to the cottage of Minda, to inform her of the morning's adventure and relate the story heard from Editha. During the recital, Minda showed evident marks of surprise and horror, but when Amelia openly confessed her affection for Florival she seemed struck with sudden recollection. Amelia could not help remarking her perturbation, and said :

"Why, my good Minda, do you start thus? is my love so wonderful that you can doubt me?"

"No my dear mistress," returned Minda, "but it seems as if the moment for discovery had arrived!"

"Discovery! discovery!" reiterated Amelia, "what dost thou mean by that word? answer me."

"Had you not professed your love for Florival," answered Minda, "I should not have awakened your curiosity, but your strange tale, in which the prince Pandolfo has so great a share, has made it necessary for me to tell you that Florival is not my son."

"Not your son!" exclaimed Amelia.

"He is not my son, indeed," said Minda.

"Whose son, then, is he?" demanded Amelia; "my peace is at your disposal. Speak I charge you!"

"That he is not my son is true," said Minda, "but now is no time to relate what I know concerning him; come you, my lady, this evening to my cottage, and you shall hear the whole."

"I will be patient until then," said Amelia, "but my anxiety will be almost insupportable."

Here Amelia and Minda left the cottage together and proceeded to the castle, where they had the satisfaction of hearing that Florival had recovered sufficiently to leave his couch, as the only inconvenience he had experienced from his fall, was several bruises which the care of Editha had greatly alleviated. Shortly after their arrival the youth himself appeared, and Amelia began to express the grateful sense she had of his kindness, but was suddenly checked by the paleness that overspread the face of Florival, and the melancholy languor that appeared in his eyes. She was astonished at his appearance and began to attribute it to the effects of his fall; but, alas! the youth had heard from Editha of the departure and intention of the count.

"My lady," said the youth faintly, "my appearance is not the effect of my fall; but there is a reason for it, which rankling at my heart, has committed the devastation in my looks which you perceive."

The terror and astonishment of Amelia were now increased, and she entreated Florival to let her know the cause.

"Yes, you shall know the cause returned Florival, "and when the only wish of life is gratified, my soul shall fly from this delusive world to seek for happiness in other realms: but not here can I unfold it."

"Whither shall I attend you then," said Amelia, anxiously, "to hear this terrible recital?"

"If my wishes may be gratified," answered the youth, "permit me to conduct you to the garden,

where having freed my bosom from the burthen that oppresses it, I bid adieu to Altenheim for ever."

With trembling steps Amelia followed Florival, while Editha relieved the anxiety, of Minda, by relating the cause of the youth's affliction.

During these occurrences at the castle of Altenheim, its master was pursuing his way to Dusseldorp, where he arrived about four o'clock on the morning after his departure. The palace was not situated in the centre of the town, but just upon its vicinity, and was surrounded by trees, planted regularly, and so completely covering it that twilight reigned within the whole day through. As the appearance was rather more gloomy than he expected to find it, Altenheim seemed a little surprised, but attributing this alteration to the disposition of its lord, dismissed his thoughts and ordered the horn to be sounded.

Geoffry, one of the attendants, was about to obey his lord, when the count suddenly started, ordered him to desist, and catching hold of the arm of Malden, who rode beside him, bade him look to the right. He did so, and perceived a small door, which seemed to lead into the palace, opened, and in it a female figure, clothed in white, with a crucifix in her left hand, while her right grasped a bloody dagger.

"Do you observe that figure?" said Altenheim.

"I do, my lord," returned Malden.

"Is it not extraordinary?" continued the count.

"Shall we endeavour to discover who it is, my lord?" asked the vassal.

"Mysterious appearance!" said Altenheim, "why should we attempt to disturb it; perhaps she is the messenger of Heaven, and I dare not molest his purposes!"

The face of the female had been turned towards the inside of the palace, but she now looked towards the troop and waving her hand as if to some one within, immediately disappeared.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Altenheim at this appearance, which he immediately declared to be a supernatural agent to effect the purposes of Omnipotence, for he possessed a large share of the credulity of the times, and was determined to learn the cause of its leaving the mansions of eternity.

Geoffry was now commanded to sound, and immediately an answer was returned from the palace court. A messenger appeared, and upon learning who was the visitor, the gates were immediately thrown open and Altenheim and his train admitted; but as D'Arinhault had no intimation of his visit, he was still in his chamber. He was immediately advised of the arrival of the count, and instantly arising prepared to meet Altenheim, who during his delay, sat ruminating alone, in the hall, upon the extraordinary appearance on the outside of the palace. A thousand conjectures in half as many seconds passed in his mind, as to the intention of its appearance, but he could think of no satisfactory cause.

He had not been long in his reverie, ere he was disturbed with a sound which seemed to issue from the wainscot. The spectre which he had just before seen, made his mind open to apprehension, and, though he was a man of undaunted bravery, he trembled. In a few minutes, a pannel in the wainscot opened, and the same figure which he had seen before, stalked majestically into the chamber, fixing her eyes sternly upon Altenheim, who could not for a moment withdraw his from the terrible appearance.

He had drawn his sword upon the first noise, but upon the entrance of the spectre, the weapon dropped from his grasp, and impressed with veneration for the majestic female, he involuntarily fell on his knees, and raising his eyes towards heaven thus addressed her:

"Dread spirit, who bearest not the form of any one, whom, in the days of her mortal existence, I knew

why hast thou left the regions of felicity to fill my soul with fear? Tell me thy commission and my life shall be devoted to fulfil it."

The count waited for a reply, anxiously gazing on the countenance of the female, who raised her eyes and arms fervently to heaven, and was about to answer him, when the sound of approaching feet interrupted her. She pointed toward the door of the hall from whence the sound proceeded, and in a hollow voice exclaimed:

"Altenheim!"

"Powers of mercy!" cried the count.

"Altenheim," proceeded the spectre, "friend of Pandolfo, lead not thy daughter to a murderer's arms!"

With these words she vanished, and the pannel closed with a loud sound as D'Arinhault and the attendants entered the hall. Montaldo heard the noise, started, and turned pale. Then resuming his native courage, advanced toward Altenheim, who sat steadfastly gazing at that part of the wainscot through which the figure disappeared.

"My venerable friend," cried Pandolfo, "welcome to Dusseldorp." Altenheim was too much absorbed in astonishment to notice the salutation of the prince, or even his entrance, and the first words he uttered were, "Altenheim! friend of Pandolfo, lead not thy daughter to a murderer's arms!"

Montaldo started a few paces from him, a deep frown overspread his features, which gave place to a deadly paleness, when the voice which before addressed the count, cried:

"Yes, Altenheim, remember!"

For the first time the eyes of the count rested upon Pandolfo, and he arose to embrace him, receiving him from the servants into whose arms he had fallen, and who stood petrified with terror and astonishment,

at the voice they had heard and the instantaneous effect it had upon their master.

The astonishment of Altenheim, was greatly increased, upon beholding the situation of the prince, for he could not possibly conceive the cause, as he thought it impossible the last words of the spectre could effect *him* in that manner. Endeavours were instantly made for the recovery of Montaldo, which after some time proved effectual, and Altenheim taking his hand, tenderly inquired the cause of his sudden indisposition.

"The cause," murmured Montaldo, "aye, what was the cause?"

"My young friend," said the count, "yourself and every occurrence in your palace are most mysterious."

"My noble Altenheim," answered D'Arinhault, "I pray you to excuse me, you are most welcome to Dusseldorp: A sudden fever shot across my mind, and affected me in the manner you observed; but come, I feel myself recovered, let us retire, and dis-course of other objects now; of love and of Amelia."

"I am extremely rejoiced, my dear Montaldo," said Altenheim, "to find your recovery as sudden as your indisposition."

The two noblemen now retired, and as they passed to the chamber of Pandolfo, Altenheim could not but observe that a deep frown hung continually on the brow of the prince; which, however, he attributed to a natural disposition, and yet the remembrance of former years flashed upon his mind, and he saw Montaldo in those days, when his countenance was clothed in smiles, and his brow beamed nothing but pleasure.

"Whence is the change?" said he mentally, as they entered the chamber, and he cast a look upon the visage of D'Arinhault.

The prince perceived that something disturbed the

mind of his friend, and tremblingly asked the cause of the perturbation which was so apparent in his looks

"I have seen strange sights to night my lord," replied Altenheim.

"Indeed!" rejoined D'Arinhault, with increased apprehension, "what unnatural sights could you possibly have seen about the palace?"

Altenheim now related his adventure without the palace and the appearance of the spectre within, Pandolfo expressed a great deal of surprise, and said;

"Your imagination must have deceived you, count Altenheim, for it cannot be possible that there should be a secret pannel in the wainscot, and escape my scrutinizing observation."

"No, my lord," answered Altenheim, "'twas more than fancy; but why is this doubt, you surely heard the last words the spectre spoke!"

D'Arinhault started and looked terrified, but suddenly resuming his fortitude he replied:

"Indeed, my good count, I heard nothing! if any sounds were heard, they must have been spoken during my insensibility."

Altenheim was more and more astonished, and declared he would not rest satisfied until the wainscot was searched, to see if the pannel; which he was convinced was open, could be now discovered.

"With all my heart, my dear count," said D'Arinhault, "and I am extremely rejoiced, that you have demanded a proof in my power so easily to grant."

"Though I shall pronounce it wonderful," answered Altenheim, "if the pannel cannot be discovered, I shall retain my opinion, for I am certain I could never have been thus deceived."

"You shall be immediately satisfied," returned Montaldo, "if you will favour me with your company to the hall."

Pandolfo and Altenheim now proceeded to the spot where the mysterious occurrence took place, and the attendants were commanded to search every

part of the wainscot, which was done, but without the effect which Altenheim confidently expected. Not satisfied with this, the count began the examination himself, and coming to the spot where he saw the spectre enter, he stopped and declared that there was an entrance, although he could not discover it.

"My dear friend," said D'Arinhault, "I am extremely sorry that I must contradict your assertion, and believe me, I take it extremely unkind, that after such a proof you still persist in your strange opinion."

"Pardon me, my dear prince," answered Altenheim, "after the convincing evidence I have, I must forego my thoughts, though you will easily acknowledge the almost impossibility of dissipating ideas of this nature."

"I can indeed!" replied Pandolfo, "but you should recollect that they now convey a suspicion of myself in them, and as such they should be dissipated."

"Of you, my lord!" rejoined Altenheim, "no, on my honour, nothing should lead me to harbour a suspicion of one whom I have come to lead to the altar with the heiress of Altenheim."

"My father,—" said D'Arinhault, taking the hand of the count, but was immediately interrupted by a voice from the wainscot, which in hollow accents exclaimed again:

"Altenheim! friend of Pandolfo, lead not thy daughter to a murderer's arms!"

The prince turned pale. Altenheim demanded to know if he were now deceived; and was answered by Montaldo in the negative, who declared that his astonishment had almost overcome him, for he was unable to account for the mysterious voice, but said, if it were possible to discover the cause, he would unfathom it before he slept again.

"Come, I have convinced you prince," said Altenheim, "and now we will dismiss the subject. I will not lead my daughter to a murderer's arms, but I

will lead her to the arms of D'Arinhault, the adopted son and rightful heir of old Pandolfo."

At these words Montaldo started, and a groan deep and dreadful was heard from the place whence the voice issued.

"This is indeed wonderful!" exclaimed Altenheim! "but come, Montaldo, let us get from this mysterious palace as soon as possible. To-day we must depart for Altenheim, and in a few days Amelia shall be yours."

"My generous friend," returned Montaldo, "I will deserve this goodness: come let us hasten to take some refreshment. Geraldo," continued he, to a fellow who approached, of a stern aspect, and an eye from which murder beamed in every glance, "Geraldo, let every possible means be used to discover the meaning of the strange sounds and supernatural appearance."

"My lord, they shall," answered the vassal, "and if the palace contain her ghostly majesty she shall be found."

"If it contain her!" exclaimed Petroni, a fellow who stood trembling by, "if it contain her, Geral—"

"Silence!" roared Geraldo, with a voice that shook the hall, and at the same time giving Petroni a look that struck him with tenfold horror, he half drew a dagger from his girdle.

"Come, come, Geraldo," said D'Arinhault, "you must this time forgive the terrors and loquacity of Petroni. You must know, my lord," continued he, turning to Altenheim, "that he imagined he heard strange noises."

"Imagine!" interrupted Petroni, still in terror.

"Petroni!" said D'Arinhault, sternly. "And, my lord," proceeded he to Altenheim, "he has readily declared he thought he saw the same appearance which so disturbed your lordship."

"Thought I saw it, my lord," said Petroni again,

"by these eyes and the valour of my heart, I did see it, and your—"

"Coward!" cried Geraldo, "unsay those words instantly"

"Why as to the matter of seeing it, I can't be certain," answered Petroni, "but—"

"You see, my lord," said Montaldo, interrupting Petroni, "that the fellow's fears will make him say and unsay in the same breath; therefore, we cannot give credit to his words. No more of this Petroni; get to your employ and let us not be interrupted further with your foolish fears. Permit me to conduct you from this place," continued he, taking the hand of Altenheim, "and we will prepare for our departure."

Altenheim suffered the prince to conduct him to a chamber where a cheering repast was prepared, but he could not prevent ideas arising in his mind tending to place D'Arinhault more than he wished in the knowledge of the secrets of the palace. These however he quickly endeavoured to dispel, as he would not suffer opinions in his mind that would tend to cast a degree of guilt upon the man intended for his daughter's husband.

During the repast D'Arinhault and Altenheim discoursed of former times, and the manner in which Montaldo talked, the filial veneration he expressed for the dead Pandolfo, and the execrations he bestowed upon the murderers of the young prince, effectually eradicated all doubts that had obtruded themselves into the bosom of Altenheim.

After their meal was over Pandolfo retired to prepare for his journey, and Altenheim went to refresh himself, by a walk beneath the cool fragrance of the trees that surrounded the palace.

In passing through a long passage that led to the garden, he was stopped by hearing the sound of many voices, in an adjoining room. He listened.

"'Tis true by my valour," said Petroni, for he was one of the group, which Altenheim now perceived through an aperture.

"By thy valour!" rejoined Geraldo, "thou mayest swear by thy valour, and not perjure thyself, for thou dost not possess an atom."

"Nay, Geraldo," returned Petroni, "now we are all alone together, where is the use of denying it, you know that both our master and yourself have heard voices and seen the identical spectre!"

Altenheim started, and beheld Geraldo raise his arm to plunge a dagger into the bosom of Petroni.

"Villian! desist!" he suddenly exclaimed, and immediately the whole group disappeared. For supposing it to have been the voice of the spectre, even the ruffian looking Geraldo was struck with terror like the rest, and dropping his dagger, fled with them. Altenheim passed on to the outside of the palace, determining not to mention this last circumstance to D'Arinhault, lest he should believe him as cowardly and credulous as the vassal, and recollecting the effect his sudden exclamation had upon the servants, thought perhaps as they took him for the spectre, he might have taken flesh and blood, (who wore a supernatural appearance to further her particular ends,) for a spectre also.

Occupied with these reflections he reached the outside of the palace, and strayed near half a mile before he came to himself. He then returned in haste, but was surprized to behold a man muffled up in a cloak, standing in the very door where he had before seen the spectre. He stood some moments gazing in wonder, mixed with a degree of fear, when the person went into the palace, closed the door, and Altenheim could not perceive any appearance of an entrance. He resolved, however, to approach and examine the spot more closely, and advanced for that purpose, when the door again opened, and the

female form which he had before seen, came from within. Altenheim trembled, but had the courage to advance. The spectre waved her hand for him to approach no nearer, and Altenheim exclaimed:

"Twice before have I beheld thee, most mysterious vision! what, tell me, what is the purpose of thy visit, what the cause that thus disturbs thy rest?"

"Altenheim! as you value yours and your daughter's repose, lead not Amelia to a murderer's arms!"

"Again that warning?" replied Altenheim.

"Farewell!" said the phantom, "you shall see me again at Altenheim."

With these words she disappeared and left the count in the most perplexing uncertainty. At first he thought of pursuing the mystery to its development, but quickly banished the idea, as it might be taken offensively by D'Arinhault, and he had no right to intermeddle with the affairs of his palace; but he determined, should the phantom keep her word and meet him at Altenheim, to unfathom the latent cause of her appearance let the consequences be what they might.

Busied with these reflections he reached the palace, and was met at the entrance of the hall by D'Arinhault, who inquired the cause of his long absence, and the reason of his disturbed appearance.

"I have seen that phantom again," replied Altenheim, "I cannot stir without beholding her!"

Montaldo was a little disturbed, but expressing his astonishment, turned to Geraldo, who stood near him, and demanded to know if all possible search had been made for the unwelcome intruder into his palace; who replying in the affirmative, Montaldo turned to Altenheim and said:

"You see, my dear count, that every means have been used to satisfy your curiosity without effect, and now as we leave the palace this afternoon, I trust this subject will be no more thought of."

"By me, my lord," replied the count, "it shall be no more mentioned, but as to thinking of it, I confess it is not in my power to banish the idea from my mind."

"Well, Count Altenheim," rejoined Montaldo, "I do not wish to govern your thoughts; but come, the day is far gone, let us in to our dinner and afterwards we will set forward for the castle."

"With all my heart, my lord," said Altenheim, "we cannot depart too early."

Dinner was served and the two noblemen sat down, conversing with more conviviality than Altenheim had beheld since his entrance into the palace; the meal being ended, preparations for their departure were immediately commenced, and as the sun sunk into repose behind the summits of the hills, Prince Pandolfo, with Count Altenheim and the attendants of both, left the palace of Dusseldorp, to proceed on the intended journey. As they continued along, the train was joined by a man muffled up in a cloak, who spoke to Geraldo, and requested permission to join them, as he was travelling the same road, and dreaded the encounter of the banditti that were known to infest the forests of Westphalia.

Geraldo started at the sound of his voice, and surveying the person from head to foot, very reluctantly permitted him to join the troop.

The stranger kept his face concealed the whole way, and after obtaining the consent of Geraldo to mingle with the attendants spoke not another word, but silently rode along side of Geoffry, the herald that accompanied Altenheim, who would willingly have dispensed with his company, but dared not utter a word of his inclination.

They had now proceeded a great distance from Dusseldorp, when the moon and stars which had till then afforded light, disappeared; the skies were darkened by tremendous clouds; the sharp lightning

shot from one part of the heavens to another, followed by the noisy thunder in loud and reiterated peals. A fierce flash now struck terror to the hearts of all the troop, and the falling of a tremendous oak, shattered by the forked terror, made the woods reverberate with astonishing loudness. Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the scene, as the tree shivered by the electric fury, burst into flames, and was almost immediately consumed. The conflagration threw a fearful light around the forest, but when it fell, the darkness was more awful than it had been previous to the fire.

"This is a fearful night," exclaimed Altenheim, "heaven have mercy on us and all the wretches that abide its fury!"

"Amen!" returned D'Arinhault. "Would we could find a temporary shelter from the fury of the storm," continued he, "for I am nearly drenched with water."

Geraldo now came up to his master, and said, if he was not mistaken, the old castle belonging to the principality of Pandolfo lay not far to the left hand.

At the mention of this the mysterious stranger who had joined the troop, started, throwing Geoffry into a dreadful panic, who every instant expected to receive his dagger into his heart.

Pandolfo was dreadfully struck with the words of Geraldo, but the darkness of the night prevented his confusion from being noticed by the count. At length recovering his composure he replied to the information of Geraldo:

"I remember the spot perfectly well, and if you think, Geraldo, that you can conduct us to it, lead the way and we will seek shelter there until the fury of the storm be past."

They all now followed Geraldo, and Geoffry was a little astonished to find that his speechless friend had taken his place alongside of another of the at-

tendants, leaving the herald in a much more agreeable situation than he had been in during the continuance of his visit, for Geoffry heeded not the rain since he was clear of his terrors.

They soon reached the outer court of the castle and took shelter under a portico that projected from the grand entrance to this venerable pile. D'Arinhault immediately divested himself of his wet clothes and had others taken from his wardrobe, which one of the attendants carried, but had scarcely dressed himself, when Altenheim started from a bench where he had seated himself, and caught hold of the prince, bidding him look.

He did so, and was terror struck at beholding the shadow of a torch, which seemed coming from the wall of the castle, growing more bright as it drew nearer the outside. Presently it grew so bright that they perceived a small entrance, which looked as if it led under the castle; and their fears and astonishment were greatly increased, by perceiving the phantom of the palace, standing in the entrance with a torch in her hand. All were wrapped in silent terror. Presently she advanced, and again repeating the warning to Altenheim, the torch she bore was extinguished, and she immediately disappeared.

The group were silent, until D'Arinhault cried, "Come, let us forth; I cannot longer remain in this terrible place! the horrors of the night are nothing to this dreadful spectre!" In great haste they left the castle, and on the way Altenheim demanded of Montaldo, whether or not he had been mistaken. D'Arinhault requested him to drop the subject, which he did.

They had not been long from the castle, before Geoffry was again troubled with the stranger, who once more placed himself along side of the affrighted vassal.

CHAPTER III.

A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks, by turns, with white and red.

DRYDEN.

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder? SHAKESPEARE.

Florival conducted Amelia to the garden, and having seated himself beside her, seized her hand and remained some time silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

A thousand thoughts passed through his mind during this time: he at first thought it presumption to acknowledge his love for Amelia, and yet he could not resist the impulse he felt to disclose it. Again he thought that Altenheim, to whom he owed so much, would for ever discard him, for daring to love one so far above him; but his fears on this point were soon quieted.

Amelia became more uneasy, and at length addressed the youth in these words:

"Has my dear"—Florival she would have said, but beginning to suspect the cause of his unhappiness, she articulated friend. "Has my dear friend brought me here to be but witness of his griefs, without giving me an opportunity to ameliorate them?"

"Dear friend!" sighed Florival, "O! lady," continued he, gazing on her face, "that word dear has twice before recalled my wandering senses, and now again it thrills my heart with ecstasy."

Amelia's heart felt a reciprocal pleasure.

"'Tis only you can ameliorate my sufferings," proceeded Florival, "for I fondly cherished the hope, that Florival was regarded by the heiress of Altenheim as something more than a servant."

"And you judged truly," interrupted Amelia, "for I have always loved you."

"Loved me!" exclaimed Florival.

"Yes, my friend," continued Amelia, blushing.

"As your friend," said the disappointed Florival; "hear me, lady, and then let your indignant heart despise me, if it will; while you have loved me as a friend, I have dared to love you as one on whom my happiness depends; as one, with whom I could be content to bear the frowns of fate, as one on whom my heart hung with rapture, as one whom I might call my love, my wife!"

"Florival!" exclaimed the maid with seeming astonishment.

"Nay, start not from me, adored Amelia!" cried the youth, falling on his knee, "avert not your eye in cold disdain, I have told you my feelings; well I know it is presumption to love you!"

"Presumption to love me!" said Amelia mentally, but Amelia could not conceive how.

"But I also know my destiny!" proceeded Florival, "and will soon end my sufferings in the grave! there will I be forgotten! dazzled by the glare of affluence, embraced in the affections of Prince Pandolfo, the bosom of Amelia will not be disturbed with a sigh for the fate of the unhappy Florival!"

Here a tear fell from his pallid eye upon the hand of the agitated Amelia, who answered:

"You wrong me, Florival, I never could be happy while you were miserable!"

"Indeed?" cried Florival, "am I not despised by you? are you not destined to be the wife of Pandolfo? has not the count, your father, left the castle for the purpose of leading Montaldo to your arms?"

"Florival, he has," answered Amelia faintly, "but I have not consented to receive him."

"Did I hear aright!" exclaimed the youth, with something like hope enlivening his eyes.

"My father has never consulted me," said Amelia.

"O! blissful words!" cried Florival, "and may I hope that for my sake Amelia will not be the wife of D'Arinhault?"

"Amelia will never be the wife of D'Arinhault!" answered she, "but—"

"But what!" exclaimed Florival, "speak, Amelia, I conjure you speak! my peace, my happiness, my life depends upon your words, and bliss or misery you may bestow."

Amelia gazed some moments at the engaging form before her, a tear started into her eye, and the blush of modesty into her cheeks; she felt she loved, and sinking into the arms of Florival she whispered:

"But Amelia will be thine, or ever remain unwedded."

"Can this be real?" cried Florival, ardently pressing the fair maid to his heart, "can this be so, is it not a delusive dream of fancy and not the felicitous blessing of un hoped reality?"

"It is real," cried Amelia, "I am yours."

Why should we attempt to portray the feelings of the amiable youth, or depict the inward gratification which Amelia experienced, at being the cause of giving returning joy to the pale visage of Florival, and a beam of peace to his distracted bosom. The youth expressed his love and gratitude in the most fervent manner, and Amelia, too ingenuous to disguise a single feeling of her soul, increased his felicity by repeating her vows of love and her declaration not to marry D'Arinhault, whatever might be the consequence.

Florival gazed on her with admiration, I had almost said adoration, but Florival knew to whom

adoration only belonged, to his God; and sought not to impress a belief of his love on the mind of Amelia, by those passionate exclamations which border on profanity; for truth needs no adjurations to enforce belief, while the false heart hides its deceit beneath the cloak of solemn asseveration.

Though Amelia had confessed her affection for Florival, she had previously determined to act with the most strict propriety. Though she would prefer a cottage with him to a palace with Pandolfo; she came to the resolution never to marry Florival, but with her father's consent. When their expressions of mutual love therefore had a little subsided, she informed the youth of her determination, and conjured him never to urge her to break it.

Florival, who saw five thousand dangers beset her, if she continued in that mind, and who conceived that parental authority might oblige her to accept the hand of Montaldo, and that, terrified by the dread of a father's malediction, she might consent if not bound by the strongest ties to himself, immediately besought her to change her resolution. She was at first deaf to his entreaties. He represented to her view the dangers that surrounded her. The compulsion that might be used, the probability that she might even be united to Pandolfo, forcibly and without yielding her consent, but that if they were secretly united, if even the ceremony of her marriage with D'Arinhault were afterwards performed, it would be invalid, but that though performed, and she in a state of insensibility, it would be binding if not rendered void by a previous marriage.

These images struck horror to the soul of Amelia, but she still continued resolute, till Florival pictured in the most lively colours his own distraction and despair in consequence. Then she was half subdued, and at length promised, that if all her entreaties to soften her father, and her intended appeal to the honour of

Montaldo proved ineffectual, that she would consent to be secretly united to him.

It would be useless to enumerate the vows of everlasting fidelity which Florival made, and which Amelia returned with all the ardour of ingenuous affection; suffice it to say, that it was finally agreed that Florival should reveal the story of their affection to Father Karthola, a priest belonging to the convent of Saint Lucia, who, he felt confident, would perform the ceremony, under the circumstances that urged the necessity.

After again renewing their protestations of regard for each other Amelia and Florival separated, the former to prepare for her interview with Minda, from whom she expected to learn who her dear Florival was, and Florival flew to the convent of Saint Lucia, to pour his whole heart before the holy friar; and solicit his assistance in the cause so near his heart.

He arrived at the gate, and requesting to be admitted to an interview with Father Kartholo, was informed that he had retired to his cell, late the preceding night, leaving orders not to be disturbed in his devotions, and forbidding any one to molest him until he admitted them himself.

"Mysterious conduct," said Florival, as he turned from the convent and bent his way towards the castle. He thought it strange that Kartholo should give such positive orders for the government of the attendants of the convent; but had Florival known, what was no secret to the monks, that their superior would sometimes shut himself up in his cell for three or four days together, he would have ceased to wonder at his conduct now.

It drew fast towards evening as he reached the castle gates, where he met Amelia proceeding to the cottage of his mother, and inquiring whither she was going, insisted upon attending her thither, to which

she assented, upon his promising to leave her there, and return for her about nine o'clock.

On returning from the cottage the youth felt a strong, irresistible curiosity to enter the convent and learn what could possibly employ Karthola so long in retirement. He knocked at the gate, and upon expressing his wish to pay his vows at the feet of the patroness of Saint Lucia, in the chapel of the monastery, was permitted to enter. It was generally the custom that one of the friars should attend a visitor, who wished to enter the presence of the Saint, but vespers being just concluded, they were all busily employed in their cells, and Florival was, in consequence, permitted to visit Saint Lucia *tete a tete*. He proceeded along the dark passage that led to the chapel, on each side of which stood the cells of the monks. He passed each, until he came to the well known door of Kartholo's. His feet was chained by curiosity, and he could not pass it. He listened, and could hear nothing, whereas, in the other cells, he could plainly hear the hum of the busy monks. This increased his curiosity and he ventured to look through the small grated window of the cell, to observe what Kartholo was doing; but no Kartholo was within! The little taper, which he usually burnt in his cell, was now quivering in its socket, and Florival, perhaps it was but an excuse for curiosity, conceiving that it might be dangerous for it to continue there, resolved to enter and extinguish it.

He softly opened the door, which was never fastened, and hastily raising the taper, found it had sunk too deep into its stand, and had yet some hours life in it. He now thought it was not his duty to extinguish it, least the friar should return and be in want of it, or we may rather suppose, that since he had entered the cell; he could not examine it without the torch, and this determined him not to put it out.

After he had adjusted it, he proceeded round the

cell, drawing his hand along the wainscot, until lighting, upon a secret spring, a small door flew open with astonishing loudness. Florival was amazed and dreaded detection, for he plainly heard feet in the passage. Presently two or three voices at the door cried :

“Father Kartholo, Father Kartholo, what was that?”

Florival was confounded, expecting them to enter every moment, but finding them to remain without, only repeating :

“Father Kartholo, Father Kartholo, what was that?”

He endeavoured to imitate the friar's voice and answered :

“’Tis nothing of consequence : only my table, by accident, upset ; I pray you retire and disturb me not.”

The monks requested his pardon for the interruption which their fears for his safety had caused, and after receiving the blessing of the supposed Kartholo, hastily retired, leaving Florival at liberty to pursue his search.

He now searched and found the door opened into a closet, in which he found the friar's habit hung upon a peg. In his eagerness to enter he stumbled over something on the floor, and stooping down, upon examination found it to be the ring of a trap-door. His curiosity was not to be resisted ; he sat down the lamp, and “applying each nerve,” with some difficulty raised it. He was almost overcome by the stream of confined air that issued from it ; but being of a most daring resolution, he drew his sword, and perceiving a flight of stairs he boldly descended, determined to elucidate the mysteries of the monastery. He descended about thirty steps, and found himself surrounded by bones, skulls, and coffins, in the cemetery of the chapel. He felt a solemn horror thrill through his veins, something like fear quivered at his heart,

and he was upon the point of retreating, but his native courage soon returning, he felt a sudden indignation against himself for permitting his bosom for a moment to entertain a thought of fear.

"No! what have I to fear?" cried he, "what, though surrounded by these loathsome emblems of mortality, no deeds of guilt have made the mansions of the dead so terrible to me! I need not fear to meet the spirit of some murdered friend pointing to the wound my glittering poignard made! No, ye dread glooms, ye cannot strike my heart with fear, for I bear a charm that robs you of the power, a quiet conscience!"

He felt his soul renewed and proceeded along the vault with cautious steps. He had almost reached the farthest end, when suddenly before him a small door similar to the one which opened into a closet, flew open, and a tall female figure, with a bloody dagger in her hand, and the blood streaming from her breast entered the vault.—Florival started, gazed steadfastly on her, and soon perceived by her pale and emaciated looks, that she was not of this world; and bending in solemn awe upon one knee, with clasped hands, raised his eyes to Heaven in fervent supplication.

The eyes of the spectre of the palace, for it was the same form, soon rested upon Florival: she started likewise, but perceiving his devotional attitude, she advanced with a slow and stately step, until she bent over him, laid her clay cold hands upon him; raised her eyes to heaven, gave a deep sigh and withdrew a few paces.

Florival ventured now to turn his eyes towards her, when she pointed toward that part of the vault from which the youth came, and motioned him to retire through the door by which she entered. With a mixture of awe and terror, Florival beheld her retiring until her figure was entirely lost in the mist of the surrounding darkness. Again the youth sunk upon his knees, crossed himself, and breathing a fer-

vent ejaculation to Saint Lucia, arose and proceeded toward the door through which the phantom had entered. He passed it and found himself at the foot of a flight of stairs. He ascended a few steps, when he encountered another trap, and raising it with great difficulty, a stream of cool air rushed in, refreshing his fatigued and fainting body, but at the same time extinguishing the taper, and leaving him in total darkness. With some difficulty he passed the aperture and found himself in an entangled thicket. He sat some moments thinking on the past occurrences, and endeavouring to account for the appearance of the spectre, when the recollection of Amelia flashed across his mind, and he was convinced that it was near the time at which he promised to call and escort her home. He started up, and darting irresistably through the opposing branches, after some time found himself close to the castle gates.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Florival at this mysterious and unaccountable adventure; but he had now no time for surmise, knowing where he was, he left the spot and proceeded with a hurried pace toward the cottage of his mother, in spite of the storm, which had commenced during his stay in the vaults of the chapel, and still continued to rage with increasing violence. The lightning flashed and the thunders roared, while Florival with his sword drawn, defied it all without the least emotion, except that of awe and veneration for the Author of the tempest. Florival, though bred up entirely in the cottage of Minda, had had the principles of piety to Heaven instilled into his mind; this was ever the guide of his conduct, and now conscious of never having willingly offended, the fury of the storm passed unheeded by him. He had not proceeded many yards on his way before a flash of lightning communicated the

electric fluid to his naked sword, passing up which, it struck him and he fell senseless upon the ground.

In the mean time Amelia having entered the cottage, was a little surprised at not beholding Minda, who had gone to the monastery on business, and the youthful maid perceiving on a sort of mantel erected over the chimney place, a roll of parchment which she had never before seen, and confident that Minda had lately placed it there, she felt an irresistible curiosity to examine its contents, and taking it from the place, was about to open it, when she heard, or fancied she heard, footsteps, without the cottage. Conceiving it to be Minda, her conscience smote her for her unjustifiable curiosity, and she hastily replaced it upon the mantel, but in the hurry of the action, a miniature fell from the bundle. She took it up, and found it to be the likeness of a knight, with the ensigna of his order portrayed upon the breast. On perusing it further, she was forcibly struck with the great resemblance which it bore to the features of Florival. A thousand conjectures passed through her mind, and a beam of joy lightened her countenance when she thought perhaps her Florival was nobly born, and that circumstance would remove the only obstacle to their union.

She had now remained some time, and expected the feet she had heard would enter the cottage and discover Minda to her; but she not appearing, Amelia stepped to the window, and perceived the old woman at a little distance in close conversation with Father Kartholo. They approached and she distinctly heard the friar say,

"Why was not the manner in which this youth came into your possession before revealed to me? but 'tis no matter, I must hasten to the castle, for I've business there?"

The friar then left Minda and proceeded towards the castle, while the old woman in haste entered the

cottage, and expressed her surprise at seeing Amelia there so early, as she had not expected her before the sun had set, and darkness begun to shade the landscape.

"I had no way of passing my time," replied Amelia, blushing, for at that moment she thought she could have passed it much more pleasantly with Florival; "and thought," continued she, "we might spend it together, until the peasantry retired; besides you know it would have been dangerous to have come after night.

"How then will you get home, my sweet lady?" asked Minda.

"Why," returned Amelia, "Florival has promised to come and escort me, about nine o'clock."

As she said this she felt another suffusion of blushes, and silently hung her head, while Minda uttered an exclamation of surprise at beholding the miniature in the hands of Amelia.

"What do you mean, Minda?" cried Amelia.

"That miniature, how came you with it?" replied the mother of Florival.

Again the maiden blushed, but from a different motive; her modesty created the first, but now she blushed for shame at the recollection of her conduct and its detection by Minda. However, she ingenuously confessed the fact and entreated forgiveness, which the old woman readily bestowed, as she had not the same ideas upon the subject, as passed through the mind of Amelia, who gazed upon the picture, and demanded of Minda who it was? She replied, that she was ignorant; but strongly suspected, and ardently hoped, that it was the miniature of the father of Florival.

Amelia could not conceal the joy she felt, at this corroboration of her own expectations, and audibly exclaimed;

"Sure heaven has not such bliss in store for me!

But come, my dear dame, proceed with the relation you promised."

"You forget that the peasantry have not yet retired from the fields!" said Minda, "and our cottage is so slender, and they are so curious, it is not safe for me to commence my story."

Amelia acknowledged the justice of these remarks, and they walked into the garden, until they saw the happy vassalage of Altenheim returning blithesome to their cots, when they returned, and Minda having trimmed their little fire, seated herself by the side of Amelia, and proceeded as will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A tale of strange and terrible occurrence !
SPIRIT OF THE WOOD.

A fury crawl'd from out *his* horrid cell,
The bloodiest minister of death and hell.
BLACKMORE.

"I was born," began Minda, "in this very cottage. My father was one of the vassals of Altenheim; but esteemed more as a friend than a servant by the lord Rodolfo, the father of the present noble count Altenheim your ladyships father."

"He had been the count's companion in war, and had the happy fortune twice to save his master's life, for which the count was by no means ungrateful; but gave him this cottage and the lands around it, absolving him from all allegiance except what his friendship and love dictated."

"That was a noble recompence," interrupted Amelia.

"Noble indeed, my lady," returned Minda, and proceeded with her story. "My father, who had long loved Geraldine, a female attendant upon the lady Emmeline, your ladyship's grandmother, now found himself in a situation to be completely happy with her, and confiding his desires to his lord, Count Rodolfo not only consented to the union but condescended to give my mother to my father, his faithful Staatsburgh."

"Upon this marriage, they removed to this cottage where they lived for two years; at the end of which

time I was born, and, as I have often heard my father say, the happiness of my parents was greatly increased by that event. This felicity was, however, destined soon to end; for, two years after my birth, my poor mother died, leaving my father disconsolate for her loss, with no tie to bind him to existence but the helplessness of his infant daughter. That daughter doomed to be the cause of his death!"

Here the good woman almost overcame by the recollection of past events burst into a flood of tears.

"You amaze and afflict me, my dear Minda," exclaimed Amelia, affectionately taking the hand of the cottager, and sweetly kissing her sorrow furrowed visage. "You amaze and afflict me. I conjure you proceed and unsay those words; you could not have been the cause of your father's death!"

"Suffer this storm of recollection to subside, my dear lady," returned Minda, "and you shall hear all." After a few moments pause she continued her story to the following effect.

"After the death of my affectionate mother, whose loss I was too young to feel, my father confided me to the care of a female relation and again accompanied Count Rodolpho to the wars. A short time after their absence the lady Emmeline was delivered of a son, the present lord of Altenheim.

I being now about four years old, was received into the castle and had the happiness of nursing your dear father and passing my time in finding amusements for infant years."

"No wonder, then," said Amelia, "that my father loves you so, my good Minda."

"He had still greater cause," continued Minda, "for I saved his life."

"His life!" echoed Amelia in astonishment.

"Yes," returned the mother of Florival, for one day, having been laid on his couch asleep, I was called away for something by the lady Emmeline, and

upon returning I found a snake encircled round his neck!"

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Amelia.

"I shrieked for help," proceeded Minda, "but shrieked in vain, for the nursery was so far distant from the servant's apartments, that they could not hear me; and the lady Emmeline had taken a walk into the gardens of the castle. Terrified at the idea of his thus perishing, I seized a knife that lay on the table in the room, and frantically thrusting it between the viper and the infant, he fell, divided into several pieces on the floor!"

"Heroic Minda!" cried the heiress of Altenheim.

"Overcome with terror at his danger," continued Minda, "and I believe with joy at having saved him, I dropped the weapon and fainted upon the floor. Soon after the lady Emmeline entered the room, and perceiving her son covered with blood, me lifeless, the knife by me, and no appearance of respiration from her son, her feelings can be better felt than described. Her shriek recalled my wandering senses, and the young count began to revive. I started up, seized the young infant by the arms, and exclaimed, 'He lives, he lives!'"

"When the first emotions of grief, joy, and surprise were over, I informed the countess of the truth. She took me in her arms, called me her preserver and overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude. And, believe me lady, those who have experienced the felicity of being thanked by the mother for the preservation of her child, will never hope for a more rich reward.

"Soon after this event, the count and my father returned from the wars, after an absence of five years, the latter having received a wound which rendered him ever after unfit for actual service in the field. Expressions of gratitude were renewed to me from the count, and soon after I retired from the castle to

this cottage with my father. Here we resided, tilling our little farm and living upon the produce of it, which, together with the bounty of the count enabled us to live completely beyond the reach of want, until I was about eighteen years old; during which time I had many suitors, who solicited my hand, but as I could never consent to give my hand unless my heart accompanied the gift, I remained single. Here ends my happy story," proceeded Minda, "for all that follows is but afflictive and tremendous. One day, ah! when the sun set that day, my happiness set with him for ever!"

"Your tale is indeed interesting!" interrupted Amelia.

"Were not these circumstances," said Minda, "partly linked with my knowledge of Florival, I should not have trespassed on your ladyship's patience. But to proceed:—

"As my father and myself were once returning from Dusseldorp, whither we had been to dispose of some of the overplus productions of our farm, night overtook us as we entered the forests of Altenheim about five or six miles from the castle, then celebrated for their being infested with banditti, that became a terror to the surrounding country.

"As we were poor and of course no tempting object for the robber's fury, we passed without much fear until we had penetrated about a mile into the forest, when our ears were struck with continued deep and heart rending groans, that seemed to issue from some poor wretch not far distant from us."

"I shake with terror?" cried Amelia looking anxiously looking round the cottage.

"Dispel your terrors, my lady, there is no danger here," said Minda, and proceeded with her story.

"As my father carried a lantern, we were enabled to see our way clearly; I therefore, terrified almost to phrensy, conjured my father to proceed with all

possible increase of our speed, as we could not assist the sufferer be it who it may. But he, whose soul never shrank at any danger, and whose heart never heart the sigh of distress without affording all the relief in his power, refused to leave the spot until he had discovered from whence the groans proceeded. Giving me the lantern, he drew his rapier, and we began our search, which was not continued long, before, bleeding from a wound in his breast, we beheld a knight, as we supposed, lifeless on the ground."

"Unhappy destiny!" sighed Amelia.

"O! happy had been my life," exclaimed Minda, "had I never beheld that man; or, if beholding him we had left him to perish!"

"Indeed, Minda?" said Amelia.

"To him I owe all my griefs," rejoined Minda; "'tis from him that all my sorrows have arisen. But, my lady, you shall hear. Nothing could exceed the surprize and pity of my father, when he beheld the wretch before him, nor could any thing exceed my terror.

"Having taken our horse and the vehicle on which we conveyed our articles for sale, to Dusseldorp, with an intention of disposing of them to advantage, and supplying ourselves at a reduced price with others, we had sold it and were returning on foot. This created a great difficulty in getting the wounded man to our cottage; but my father resolving not to leave him to perish in the forest, without an effort for his preservation, raised him in his arms, and notwithstanding the wound in his knee, which occasioned his limping greatly, and prevented his walking fast, he bore him safely to our home, from which we were now near two miles distant."

"Noble, generous Staatsburgh," exclaimed Amelia, "with what joy must the stranger have requited thy humanity, although thy soul required no other

reward than the feelings which the deed itself imparted."

"You shall hear, my dear young lady," cried Minda, wiping the copious tears from her aged visage, "you shall hear how Malventi, for that was his name, rewarded my father for his kindness. Being now tenderly placed upon my father's bed, the surgeon of Saint Lucia's convent was sent for, who upon examination, declared his wound was not mortal though deep and dangerous.

"By proper care, the anguish of the wound was assuaged, and the third day after his arrival in our cottage, he was able to speak. Nothing could equal the pleasure of my father, and indeed, lady, nothing could exceed my pleasure at this happy event, for though addressed by a number, I never saw a man that interested me till now. I was his nurse, and watching by his side, as he lay insensible, I drank the bitter draught of love!"

"The bitter draught!" interrupted Amelia starting, "call you the fragrant cup of love by so harsh a name?"

"To me at least it was a bitter draught," answered Minda, "but I would fain believe it is not so to all."

"I am sure it is not to all!" exclaimed Amelia with animation.

"I hope it may never prove so to thee, my lady," replied Minda, and proceeded.

"The first words Malventi uttered, were, 'Where are all my band? Have none of them escaped?'

"These words were evidently the effect of the disorder of the brain, but contained a dreadful truth, which we suspected not; but attributing the words to the unsettled state of his mind, produced by the fever of his wound, my father requested him to remain quiet, and not fatigue himself by talking too much. I joined my father's entreaties with my own,

and taking my hand and imprinting on it a kiss, he promised to obey me in every thing.

"A strange, unusual, but delightful sensation thrilled through me as he spoke, and every word he uttered rooted him deeper in the affections of my heart. I hung enraptured upon his words, and was only pleased when I attended his bed side, supplying his wants almost before he could express them. When he was mournful, I sighed, and when a smile enlivened his face, nothing but pleasure beamed from mine. He perceived the power which he had over my heart, and one day as I sat beside his bed, drinking the delicious honey of his words, he requested me to relate the manner in which we had discovered him wounded, and bore him to the cottage.

"Pleased with an opportunity of affording him the gratification of hearing that I was instrumental in preserving his life, I began with our journey to Dusseldorp, and—"

Here Amelia interrupted Minda, by asking her, if she did not hear thunder. She listened and hearing the distant murmur, replied in the affirmative, and Amelia immediately rising flew to the door. The heavens were robed in darkness, the lightning began to flash with increased vividness, and the storm began.

"What will become of me!" exclaimed Amelia, "I shall never get back to the castle in this furious tempest."

Minda requested her to be under no uneasiness, for if the storm increased she could remain at the cottage all night, and when Florival arrived for her, he could return and prevent any uneasiness that her absence might occasion at the castle.

This in some measure decreased her apprehensions, and she again sat down to listen to the remaining part of Minda's story.

"I related the adventure to Malventi," proceeded

the old woman, "who, when I had concluded, grasped my hand, pressed it and calling me an angel sent from heaven to his relief; sunk back upon his pillow. I raised his head, and conjured him not to let his feelings overcome him."

"Minda, dear Minda," said he, "is it not terrible to see the cup of bliss within reach, and yet ourselves forbid to embrace it?"

"I, blushing, acknowledged that it was, and timidly inquired if it were his destiny.

"It is indeed!" answered he, "O! Minda, dearer than life do I love, but yet—" here he paused, seized my hand and gazing on my face, continued, "Minda, have you ever loved?"

"I was confused, but asked him the reason of his inquiry:

"Because," replied he, "if you have you will pity me."

"I have loved, I do pity you!" exclaimed I hastily.

"Powers of bliss!" cried Malventi, "do I hear aright? pity me, did you say, Minda? pity will not do from you, I want your love, for you are the object of my adoration! Turn not from me, my beloved Minda, let not your cruelty undo me, let not your hatred rob me of that life, which yours and your father's humanity preserved!"

"Ah! lady," said Minda, "let your love for Florival be to you my excuse for acknowledging to this interesting Malventi, I loved him. His ecstasy knew no bounds; he started up and receiving my sinking head upon his bosom, for the first time imprinted a kiss upon my cheek. At this moment my father entered the room. He started on beholding me in Malventi's arms, and casting a piercing look upon him, tore me from him, and I sunk upon my knees before him."

"My venerable preserver," said Malventi to my father, "I do not pretend, nor do I wish to deceive

you, with regard to my love for your daughter, or the affection she has professed for me. Nor need you be ashamed of my alliance, for in giving me your daughter, you bestow her on Don Sebastian, Marquis of Malventi, and knight of the noble order of Calavatra, descended from one of the most eminent Hidalgos of Spain.'

"My father and myself were astonished at this discovery, and my hopes of being his began to decline, as I thought it impossible that the daughter of the vassal Staatsburgh, could ever be received as the wife of a marquis. However, Malventi removed my fears and my father's scruples, who had begun to object, telling us that he was master of his actions, and at liberty to take whom he pleased to be his wife.

"After his recovery he informed us, that being on a visit to a near relation in Lower Saxony, he had in returning been attacked by banditti, in the forest where we found him, and that he imagined his attendants had returned home to Madrid without him, supposing him to have been slain.

"My father consulted your grandfather, his noble benefactor, who, having received from Malventi letters and other proofs of his being the person he declared himself to be, gave his consent and our union was accordingly solemnized at the convent of Saint Lucia. I now felt happy, blessed with the man I loved, and the presence of my venerable father.

"In about a week after my marriage, Malventi expressed his intention of returning to Madrid, to correct the error under which his relatives there would labour concerning his fate, and to bring a sufficient number of vassals to escort me and my father safely to his palace. I was urgent in my wish to accompany him, to which he would not listen, but tenderly solicited me to remain with my father, until his return. To this I at last assented, and saw him de-

part, promising to be at Altenheim in about six weeks.

I felt very unhappy during his absence, and could not get clear of my melancholy, although the countess, your grandmother, for I resided at the castle, strove to dissipate it as much as possible. Six weeks had now passed, when about twelve o'clock one night, the castle was awakened by the repeated soundings of a horn. Full of hope, I immediately rose and prepared to meet one, for whose absence I had continued in a most disconsolate situation.

"The castle was aroused, the gates opened, and a chariot entered the court, surrounded by a troop of horsemen. I stood anxiously expecting my husband to leave the carriage, but was disappointed. A man of tall, commanding figure, alighted, and demanding to speak with Count Altenheim, was introduced to him, and presented to him a letter from the Marquis of Malventi. My heart sunk within, for I thought myself deceived; but my anxiety was soon relieved by the count's presenting him to me, and his handing me a letter from my husband.

"My eye glanced over its contents, and I sunk into my father's arms, for it informed me that a wound he had received by a fall from his horse, just before he reached his palace, prevented his coming for me, but that he had sent his faithful friend, Count Palermo, to escort me and my father to the palace.

"When I had recovered, Palermo thus addressed me:

"If the Marchioness of Malventi will condescend to trust the faithful friend of her husband, I pledge my life, and my more sacred honour, to conduct her safe to the palace."

"O! yes, yes," returned I, "let us hasten this moment, let us not delay, perhaps he may expire before I reach him."

"Neither the remonstrances of Count Altenheim, nor the persuasions of my father could induce me to wait till morning. I insisted upon departing immediately, and orders were accordingly given to that effect. We were very soon prepared for our journey. My father and myself bidding the inhabitants adieu, stepped into the carriage, and Palermo, taking his leave of the count and countess, placed himself beside us. The chariot drove off, surrounded by the horsemen, and we were very soon out of sight of the battlements of Altenheim, and the more lofty spires of the monastery of Saint Lucia.

"The speed of the horses was increased, and we soon entered the forest, and all appeared dark and dreary.

"Palermo had heretofore conversed with great vivacity, but now he grew more taciturn; would scarcely reply to our remarks, and then with a sullen and evasive answer. At length he observed a gloomy silence, and commanded us as we valued our lives to question him no further.

"Nothing could equal my consternation or the amazement and anger of my father. He demanded of Palermo, what he meant by such unequalled insolence; who only replied, by applying a small ivory whistle to his mouth, the noise of which was quickly answered from without, and immediately the carriage stopped. We were at the same instant surrounded by double the number that had appeared in the court of the castle.

"My father perceiving that we were betrayed by the treacherous Palermo, drew his rapier, and resolved to sell his life as dear as possible. The carriage door was burst open. 'Hurt not the woman,' exclaimed Palermo, as he was about to leap through the door, 'hurt not the woman, but let the old fellow's life out.' As he spoke this, he received a ball through the head, from a pistol levelled by my fa-

ther, with a pair of which he had armed himself upon our departure, and which Palermo nor myself had seen. The next that appeared received his death from the other pistol, and two or three felt the fury of his sword; but at length I saw him fall with receiving a ball in his breast, and I immediately fainted.

"After some time I recovered, and found myself in the carriage, supported by one of the most terrific looking men I had ever beheld. I inquired for my father, when the inhuman monster told me that if he had behaved coolly about it they would have spared his life, but that in consequence of his unruly conduct they had left him quartered in the forest."

"Detested homicides!" exclaimed Amelia.

"You may easily perceive my grief and despair at hearing this," proceeded Minda. "I raved, and conjured the assassin to murder me also, and then bear the tidings to my unhappy lord. At the mention of Malventi, the bravo burst into a loud laugh. We now stopped, and I heard a voice cry in French,

"'Qui va la!' Who goes there.

"'Guzman,' answered the man in the coach.

"'The watchword,' demanded the same voice.

"'Valour,' returned my companion.

"'Pass,' said the voice, and the carriage proceeded.

"After a short time, it stopped again, and my companion said, 'Come, madam, we are at our journey's end. Prepare to alight.' As he said this, he raised the curtains and opened the door, when to my astonishment, I found day had not broke, which convinced me that we must have travelled but a few miles from the castle. I saw it was in vain to resist, and following him out of the coach, he conducted me through a passage rendered almost impassable by the weeds and branches that grew over it. After some time we stopped, and stooping down, he raised a trap door, through which we passed, and I soon found myself beneath the ground, in a cavern dimly

lighted by a feeble lamp suspended from the ceiling. Here my conductor paused, bade me to be seated on a couch, to which he pointed, and telling me he would inform the captain of our arrival, left me to my meditations.

"The word captain sounded like thunder in my ear, and convinced me that I was a prisoner to the fierce banditti that infested the forest of Altenheim. I could not forbear cursing aloud, the artifice that had led my father to his death, and made me the victim of some merciless robber.

"My thoughts were now interrupted by the opening of a door, through which my conductor disappeared, and judge of my horror, grief, joy, and amazement, when the first person that my eyes saw was my beloved Malventi."

CHAPTER V.

Then tell me, was not this enough to freeze
 The feeling heart to adamant? to check
 The native current of the soul, and swell
 Loves gentle streamlet to the sea of hate!

ANON.

"The feelings that agitated my bosom," proceeded Minda, "soon gave way to a deadly sickness, and I fainted in the arms of Malventi. When I recovered, I found him bending over me in the fondest solicitude, and as I opened my eyes, 'Heaven be praised!' he exclaimed, 'she lives, she lives. My beloved Minda,' continued he, 'why will you give way to these unnecessary terrors? in my arms you are safe from all unhappiness, protected by my power you are secure from all danger.'

"Wretch cried I, unfeeling, ungenerous wretch; is this your boasted affection! is this your honour, this the respect you would pay the happiness of a doating father, his daughter's ruin? Has the Hidalgo of Spain, the Marquis of Malventi, the knight of Calatrava, shrunk into the captain of a ruthless banditti?"

"The only answer I received was a frown from Malventi, and a rude laugh from some of the gang.

"Your father, my dear Minda," said my husband, "cannot now assist you. You are beyond his power, you are safe within mine, and while I live, you shall remain so; for believe me, though I appear in this uncouth garb, there is a heart within this bosom that throbs with the most ardent affection for you. It is

true, I have in one instance deceived you; yet, you are still the Marchioness Malventi, your husband still a Hidalgo of Spain and a knight of Calatrava.'

"You can well conceive my increased anguish, my dear young lady, upon hearing this; yet, with shame I own I pitied rather than despised the author of my misery, for I loved him in spite of myself. Finding every effort to escape, which I determined to do if possible, ineffectual, I endeavoured to reconcile myself to a destiny it was impossible to avoid, being treated with the most endearing affection by Malventi, and the most profound respect by the band.

"A circumstance that soon after happened, made a deep impression upon Malventi, and was the prelude to a series of disasters. One day, while Malventi and the rest of the troop were out, Bernardo, who was left to protect me, and guard the cavern, grossly insulted me, nay, swore to use force to obtain the gratification of his wishes, when my husband, who had unexpectedly returned, entered and discovering the villany of his trooper, drew a pistol from his belt, and discharged it at Bernardo. The ball entered his side, and he instantly sunk senseless upon the floor. Nothing could exceed the rage of Malventi at the audacity of the robber. He ordered his body to be thrown out of an aperture in the cavern into the river, that rolled near, which was accordingly done, though I entreated him to permit the corpse to be interred.

"Three weeks after this event, as Malventi and myself were enjoying the refreshing breeze upon the margin of the river, I urged him to forsake his wretched course of life, and enjoy domestic happiness with me upon the small patrimony which my beloved but unfortunate father had left me.

"'It cannot be,' said he, 'it can never, never, never be, my dear Minda, I cannot return to the world in the character of Malventi, and without that

I will for ever abjure mankind. You shall one day know the reason why I left the world; shall know that I was happy, till deceit and treachery destroyed me.'

"As he spoke this, a tear started into his eye, but he quickly dashed it off. We now perceived a man approaching us, muffled in a cloak, who drawing near to us, exclaimed in a hollow voice, 'Malventi!'

"My husband started at the sound of his name, but his courage soon returning, he cried, 'What would you with Malventi?'

"'Nothing but this,' replied the stranger, in a low tone of voice, 'swear not to open the paper which I shall deliver you, until I am out of sight.'

"'Wherefore!' inquired Malventi, 'but no matter, by all my hopes I swear.'

"'It is enough,' returned the stranger, and throwing down a small note sealed, he instantly departed with precipitation. Malventi anxiously watched him until he entirely disappeared, and then, breaking the seal of the paper, to his astonishment, and to my great terror, he read only these words:—'Tremble Malventi, for Bernardo lives!'

"'The villain will betray me,' cried Malventi, but recovering his composure; and despising the threat, he prudently resolved to provide against any attempt Bernardo might make. We accordingly returned to the cavern, where he convened the troop and related the circumstances that had occurred, ordering the cavern to be prepared for a vigorous defence in case of an attack. Every thing was accordingly done, and centinels placed upon the skirts of the forest, to give notice of any attempt against our safety. After our evening meal was concluded, Malventi told me, that since the efforts of Bernardo might possibly separate him from me, he was determined to relate his story, if my patience would listen to him. I consented, when calling in one of the band he entered

with a blooming infant in his arms, which Malventi received from him and thus addressed me :

“ For some months, my dear Minda, this infant has been under the care of a poor peasant's daughter, but to-day I sent for him to confide him to yours. Protect him, for though the offspring of illicit intercourse, he is your husband's son, and surely ought not to suffer for the crimes of his parents.’

“ I took the trembling little one into my arms, and gazing a few moments on his rosy cheeks, a tear involuntarily started into my eyes, I pressed him to my bosom and declared that I would shelter him as my own. The band were now seated round a cheerful fire that blazed upon the hearth, when Malventi related the principal transactions of his life, as nearly as I can recollect in the following manner :—

THE STORY OF MALVENTI.

I was born in Seville, in Spain, and am descended from one of the most noble families of my country. My father was a Hidalgo, his title Don Juan Velasquez de Leon, Marquis of Malventi, and knight of the order of Calatrava. My mother was the only daughter of the Count of Algoronza, a nobleman than whom none stood higher in the esteem of his sovereign. The same hour that gave the daughter of Algoronza to my father, saw my father's sister united to the brother of his wife, and by this marriage the families were firmly joined by love and interest. What may seem more extraordinary, my dear Minda, the hour that gave birth to your unfortunate Malventi, presented the Count of Algoronzo with a grandson.

Fortune seemed to frown on my cousin and myself from our infancy, for ere we had reached our third year, I had lost my mother, and my cousin found

himself without a parent. In consequence of this misfortune, my good father my cousin and myself, went to reside with the venerable Algoronzo, where we lived happily and in the greatest harmony with each other, until age sunk his grandsire to the grave and raised the young Alberto to the count of Algoronza. At this period we were near sixteen years old, and from this period may the misery and guilt of my life be dated, since it was soon after this that the circumstances which led to them occurred.

On the evening which made us seventeen years of age, the young count celebrated the anniversary of our birth by a pompous masquerade, to which all the nobility, for miles round the country, were invited; and among the rest Don Antonia Gomez, heir to the crown, and his beautiful daughter, Isabella, graced our company. Never before had I beheld so fair a person or so enchanting a face. Her soft blue eyes beamed inexpressible sweetness, her auburn hair played in small ringlets upon the breeze that issued through the hall, and received fresh odour from the perfume of her breath; the rose of her cheek seemed to vie with the coral of her lips; there appeared majesty in her deportment that awed into respect, and yet such a condescension of her manners, that the meanest could approach her without restraint.

You, my dear Minda, and my brave associates, may think this a mere rhapsody of words, but I assure you, there is not the least exaggeration. Such, my comrades, was the daughter of Don Gomez, such was Isabella of Castile, and being such, it was impossible to behold her without admiration, without love. Nor were the beauties of her mind less conspicuous than the elegancies of her person.—The fire of genius was elicited in every observation, the soundness of her judgment in every remark, and a depth of information was perceptible in every word. I beheld her and my soul drunk in the delectable poison

that ruined my character in the world, embittered my cup of happiness, and made me the wretched outcast you behold me! Not that she was the cause; no, she was chaste as fair.

But to proceed. The revelry of the evening gave place, about twelve o'clock, to the enchanting harmony of the softest music, which began to vibrate on the ear; it called for the masks, and the hall was immediately crowded, each nobleman seeking for a partner to conduct down the dance. I was dressed in green armour, and my cousin in white. While yet the parties were mingled confusedly together, preparing for the coming amusement, my cousin called me on one side, and demanded, in great and apparent confusion, if among the crowd of masks, I could distinguish the daughter of Don Gómez. The blood mounted into my face and my forboding heart already pronounced him my rival.

"With her," said Algoronza, not waiting for my reply to his question, "with her I would dance, for her beauty has subdued me and to her my heart has already devoted itself with the most affectionate ardour."

You may all judge what must have been the feelings that agitated my bosom, upon hearing this declaration from Alberto, in whom I now fatally perceived a rival to my love—a rival, powerful indeed, but one with whom I resolved to act honestly, but to whom I was equally determined never to submit. I loved Algoronza with the affection of a brother, and thought it best to come to an immediate explanation.

"My friend, my brother," said I, "it is indeed unfortunate that we both have placed our affections on the same object."

"How!" exclaimed he, starting a few paces from me, while I could perceive a frown rising on his brow.—"How! Sebastian, you in love with the daughter

of Don Gomez, with the beautiful princess of Castile! that must not be, Malventi, that shall not be!"

"Shall not be! Alberto," cried I, a little chagrined at the severity and impetuosity of his manner, "shall not be! who will, who can prevent it?"

"I, Malventi, I," returned he, "my soul is wrapped up in her, I live but in the hope of obtaining her, her presence is my only happiness, and you must abandon her to me, or we are deadly foes!"

"Algoronza!" cried I, sternly, but recollecting myself, I remained silent gazing on the countenance of Alberto. His visage was darkened with a frown and the most ungovernable passions were exhibited in his looks. Never till now, did I believe the count in possession of such a disposition and I felt my anger rising at the discovery, when remembering that neither of us had addressed the princess on the subject, and that perhaps, both of us might be refused, I repressed my feelings and thus addressed Algoronza.

"I would not willingly be an instrument in rendering you unhappy, my beloved Alberto, but should the fair daughter of Don Gomez approve my love, no power on earth shall compel me to forego her; but on the contrary, should she reject my suit and confess her acceptance of yours, fear not me, for by all the hopes I entertain of happiness, I swear, I never will molest you, but aid you with my utmost power. Is not this candid, and may I not justly require the same promise from you?"

"'Twas truly great!" interrupted Amelia.

"Algoronza was silent for a few minutes," continued Malventi, proceeded Minda, "and then a gloom overspreading his features, with evident marks of reluctance, he gave me his promise. We now joined the company, and Algoronza soon led a beautiful female to the dance. The first dance had commenced, and I had requested no lady to favour me with her hand, but now perceiving a female of a lovely figure,

whose dress, of cerculean hue was decorated with a variety of flowers; sitting pensively in a retired part of the hall, I immediately advanced towards her, and politely requested the happiness of leading her to the dance. With little hesitation she complied with my desire, and we joined the party. If I thought her interesting before, I was wrapped in admiration on beholding her,

"On the light fantastic toe."

All present seemed to gaze upon her with mingled looks of wonder and delight, and even I lost in astonishment at her grace and agility, often forgot where I was, and disconcerted the party by my inattention.

The dance being over, she permitted me to lead her beneath the cool refreshing shadow of an arbour, that stood in the centre of the garden, to enjoy the fragrance of the evening breeze, and seating ourselves upon a grassy seat within the bower, we entered into conversation. A little overcome by the exercise she underwent in the hall, she removed her mask, and the full moon beamed upon the fair face of the daughter of Don Gomez.

Nothing could equal my delight, mingled with a pleasing astonishment, at being thus alone with one whom my soul idolized; and rejoiced at the happy opportunity of expressing the sentiments which had so lately taken their residence deep in my heart, I thus exclaimed:—

"The fair Isabella of Castile! am I so blest as to have an opportunity of expressing those sentiments of esteem and admiration with which she has inspired me? To what wonderful and happy chance may I attribute so great, so desirable a blessing?"

This impassioned address, delivered with all the ardour of an honest affection, a little confused her,

and I saw a blush rise upon her lovely cheek as she replied:—

“Isabella of Castile, indeed, but unworthy the encomiums bestowed upon her by the gallant heir of the Marquis of Malventi.”

“How! am I discovered?” exclaimed I, removing my mask; “well, fair creature, may I at least hope that the Princess of Castile is not chagrined at having danced with so poor a practitioner as Sebastian?”

“Chagrined,” returned she, “the farthest from it possible.”

“Can it indeed be!” cried I, catching her hand with eagerness, “can it indeed be, that Isabella of Castile does not behold Malventi with indifference?”

The crimson blush of modest diffidence suffused her lovely cheeks, as she cast her eyes upon the ground without uttering a word.

“O! princess,” continued I, “you must be conscious that it is impossible to behold and not to love you. Hear me then confess that my heart adores you, that I live but in your smiles, and that I can be happy only in your love! Witness, thou silver moon, and you, her bright attendants, that in truth and honour, Malventi pours his heart before this image of perfection, and vows to love but her!”

Isabella was silent for some time, at length she could only articulate “Malventi,” and sunk upon my bosom. At that moment I thought myself blest beyond the power of increase, and fondly pressed the dear maid to my heart, in all the fervor of a chaste affection. It is needless to dwell upon this part of my story, suffice it to say, that ere we returned to the palace, Isabella confessed she loved me, and promised with the consent of her father to be mine. This I had no doubt of obtaining, as few could boast of a nobler birth, but you shall hear how I was disappointed. We were about to leave the garden, when Algoronza, rushed from behind the bower in which

we had been seated, and catching me by the arm, exclaimed :—

“Consummate villain, that hast betrayed my confidence, and basely injured me in the tenderest point, the object of my affections; prepare to meet the reward of thy monstrous crimes. Answer me not Sebastian, but with thy sword; you have wronged me in the opinion of this fair maid, whom my heart adores, and my sword shall find a passage to your heart, or yours be buried in my bosom! Shield well thy life, for if my aim prove true thou diest!”

Before I could stand upon the defensive, Alberto rushed upon me like a madman, with headlong violence, while the princess sank lifeless on the ground. I however recovered my sword, which had fallen, and warding his thrusts, which were aimed with uncertain fury, I soon disarmed him. Upon this, his rage knew no bounds; and although I restored him his sword and offered him my hand, he refused both, leaving the garden, breathing curses and revenge.

I stood a few moments, absorbed in reflection on the conduct of Alberto, and nothing could exceed my chagrin and pity at his precipitancy. From this state I was aroused by the condition of my beloved Isabella, to whom I now flew, and succeeded, in a few moments, in recovering. She had been so much affected by fear and disgust at the conduct of Algoronza, that her frame trembled and a deadly paleness took possession of her features. Had Alberto been before me at this moment, my feelings would have overcome my discretion, and I should have chastised him for his cruel and ungenerous proceedings.

After expressing her fears for my safety, and horror at the unnatural course which Algoronza had pursued, Isabella requested me to conduct her in, which I did, though not before I had obtained her consent to solicit her father's concurrence in our wishes, in two or three days.

This interruption was, unfortunately for me, prevented, for on the morning of the second day after this, my venerable father was taken ill, and on the fourth, to my irreparable loss and inexpressible affliction, he expired.—This fatal catastrophe delayed my application to Don Gomez for some time, during which I resided contentedly with Algoronza, who, deceitful villain, seemed totally to have forgotten the past, preserved the greatest respect for me, and even treated me with that fond affection, which had distinguished our boyish days. We came to an explanation, and he professed to be resigned to the loss of his mistress, since I had fairly won her.

Some months had now elapsed, when one night I ordered my squire to prepare for our departure to the castle of Don Gomez, early the next morning, in order to the completion of my happiness. We sat out about three o'clock, and at the same hour in the afternoon we arrived at the castle. My mind was expatiating in scenes of fancied happiness, during our journey, and my heart beat high with expectation as my anxious eyes caught the rising grandeur of the turrets of Braganza. I dismounted, and entering the saloon, to my astonishment I beheld Algoronza, in close conversation with the prince, who, upon my approach, received me coldly, and to my confusion and rage, I too soon discovered that my cousin had, some time before, obtained his promise of Isabella's hand.

This discovery exasperated me beyond the bounds of reason, and I accused Algoronza of his perfidy, threatening him with consummate vengeance. He only laughed at my rage and disappointment, telling me that he had vowed revenge and had obtained it. That all my letters to Isabella he had put into the possession of Don Gomez, who, exasperated at the proceeding, had given Isabella to him. I know not what restrained me from chastising Algoronza, but the villain escaped my fury. As I knew it would be

useless labour to attempt the urging of Don Gomez to retract his promise, I resolved to picture her situation to Isabella, and implore her to fly with me from an unjust father and from the prospect of a treacherous and cruel husband in Algoronza. An opportunity soon offered. In all the glowing language of love, I warned her of the danger to which we were exposed, and pictured my despair and distraction, should she be united to my cousin. The wedding day was fixed, and our ruin certain, should she refuse to accompany me. For a long time she resisted every argument, struck with terror at the step, and at the idea of her father's maledictions, but at last her own danger surmounted every obstacle, and it was agreed, that the night previous to the day of her marriage, I should be at her window, with a ladder of ropes, and carriage, which was to convey her from Braganza.

The plan of our elopement being settled I took leave of Don Gomez and left Algoronza, exulting in his imaginary triumph. I returned home and waited with impatience, the hour that was to disappoint my cousin and put me in possession of her my heart desired. All things were prepared, it arrived, and with my faithful Gilbert, precisely at twelve, I was beneath the window of Isabella. The ladder was fixed, Isabella descended with part of her wardrobe, and all her jewels. I seated myself beside her in the coach, and Gilbert drove off with the greatest rapidity. We travelled fast, in hopes ere my precious charge would be missed, that we might be near one hundred miles from Braganza. It was our intention to travel into Westphalia, from whence we were to write for the pardon of Don Gomez, expose the villainy of Algoronza, and if unsuccessful, we intended to remain there, as we had wealth enough in our possession, to maintain us in a retired manner. We travelled without intermission, except what was absolutely necessary, until we reached Dusseldorp,

where I purposed to remain a short time, and there the Princess of Castile was bound to me by the most sacred ties of marriage.

Gilbert, though in every other respect an invaluable servant, was very loquacious, and thinking us secure, he took care to let the whole country know, that the Marquis and Marchioness of Malventi resided in Dusseldorp.

One night the poor fellow entered my room, in great hurry and confusion, "What is the matter, Gilbert?" said I.

"We are undone, my lord," returned he, "I have been used to frequenting the hotels of this place, and just as I was passing out of the door, to night, who should pass in but Antonio, the valet of Don Alberto. It was too dark for him to perceive me, so I turned and followed him. I heard him ask if the Marquis Malventi had passed through there. The marquis resides here was the reply, and Antonio immediately departed."

This was alarming intelligence, for I doubted not that we were pursued by Gomez or Algoronza, and we determined immediately to quit Dusseldorp. The carriage was got ready, and at twelve that night we departed with speed. Not being well acquainted with the road, we did not reach the borders of this forest, until the day began to break, when we perceived the carriage of Don Gomez in full pursuit of us, drawn by four horses, and followed by two footmen, armed. Nothing could exceed the terrors of Isabella, and my fears for her safety. In a few moments my faithful Gilbert was commanded to stop, and threatened with instant death if he refused.—The brave fellow immediately drew a pistol and shot the ruffian that had seized the horses, and immediately three or four pistols were discharged at him. He fell dead from his box.—Two pistols more were now fired, before I got from the coach, and even now, my

dear Minda, my brain burns, and my bosom swells with rage and horror at the recollection,—one pierced the fair bosom of my beloved Isabella, and she fell, a bleeding corpse at my feet! What a change! a few hours before I had been exulting in my happiness in Isabella, and looking forward to its increase, and now the darling object of my affections, she on whom I had placed all my thoughts of earthly felicity, murdered by the arm of a barbarous ruffian; lay dead before me, covered with her own blood! My brain turned, I rushed from the carriage, and exclaimed, to Gomez, as I supposed,

“Wretch! you have murdered your daughter and my wife!” But my naked sword was brandished in the face of Algoronza!

“Villain!” cried I, “is it to you I owe my pursuit and my Isabella’s murder?”

“Dead,” exclaimed he, starting a few paces from me, “and is she dead! execrable villain, that heart robbed me of my happiness, at length thy doom is at hand.”

“Algoronza,” cried I, fiercely, “I am now resolved on your death or mine. In yonder coach lies the body of my murdered wife, and before me stands her assassin!”

He rushed upon me, I parried his thrusts for some time, and then attacking him furiously, he received my sword to the hilt in his bosom, and his passed through the flesh of my right side. We both fell; he to rise no more.

“Malventi, thou art revenged!” he cried and expired.

After I had lain some short time, I became insensible with loss of blood, and when I recovered, I found myself in this cave, with my wife beside me, surrounded by the banditti; who informed me that some who rode in the coach had, they were told, borne his body to Dusseldorp, and that they, in passing that way,

discovered the bodies of Isabella, myself and Gilbert, and conveyed the two former to the cave. In a short time I recovered from my wound, and my beloved wife was interred.

The calamitous circumstances I have related, made me detest mankind, and the solicitations of the band to join them, were acceded to, upon the corroboration of my hate by a circumstance as unjust as it was cruel. I was declared an outlaw, and my estates were confiscated, for the seduction of the Princess of Castile, and the murder of the Count of Algoronza. I now became a robber, and our captain being killed in an encounter with the king's troops, you, my brave comrades, made me your leader. Since that we have been as humane as our trade would admit, and never shed blood when our booty could be obtained without it.

It was after my being wounded, my dear Minda, in an encounter with a knight, in the forest, that I was indebted to your kindness and that of your father, for the preservation of my life. Part of what followed you are already acquainted with, but you have yet to learn, that on leaving you to procure the necessary proofs of my birth, I came no further than the cave, remaining here the time necessary to travel into and return from Spain, and from hence too, I sent one of my band, as the Count Palermo, to conduct you to Malventi.

Not six weeks ago was Bernardo received into our band, and already has the villain threatened us with destruction. But let us, my brave companions, be watchful and remain united in our defence, and, with these glooms to shield us, we remain unconquerable.

"Here Malventi concluded," continued Minda, "and after drinking to their safety and the destruction of their foes, the band retired to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

But see the horrors there, the wounds, the stabs,
From furious passions and avenging guilt.

MALLET.

Terror alarms the breast; the burning tear
Rolls o'er the cheek..

THOMPSON.

"It was the custom," continued Minda, "to plant sentinels around the cavern, in different parts of the wood, either to warn the band of any dangers that threatened, or to give notice of any chance of obtaining booty.

"About midnight—never shall I forget the awful horrors of that tremendous hour! about midnight some of the sentinels rushed into the cave crying, 'to arms, to arms!' The banditti immediately left their repose and flew to their defence. Malventi seized his pistols and his sword, and at the head of the banditti sallied towards the mouth of the cave. Terrified at the dreadful clangor that reverberated through the 'hollow bosom of the wood' and almost unconscious of what I did, I seized the infant Eugenio, and placed myself beside my husband, and scarcely had we proceeded fifty yards from the cavern, when we were encountered by Bernardo, at the head of near one hundred men, some with torches given him by Prince Pandolfo, for the purpose of surprising their retreat and putting the banditti to the sword. In a few moments a terrible conflict commenced. You can better conceive my terror and distraction, my dear lady Amelia, at this moment, in the midst of a

band, opposed by a rancorous and cruel traitor, with an infant shrieking in affright and clinging to my bosom for safety. I stood, while death was busy around me, in a kind of apathy unconscious of danger or heedless of my fate. at this moment the thought of my father flashed upon my mind. I saw him assisting Malventi, I saw him relieving his wounds, and alas! I beheld the venerable Staatsburgh murdered in defence of his daughter! What tie then had I to attach me to existence? Rescued now, I should be eternally branded as the wife of a robber! The idea strengthened my heedlessness, and I beheld unmoved, my still beloved Malventi rush with fierce animosity upon the treacherous Bernardo. The conflict between them was soon ended, for the third thrust from my husband drove his sword through the bosom of his adversary, who fell immediately at his feet. There was a mutual, momentary pause between the contending parties as Bernardo fell, who after struggling a few moments, placed his hand upon the wound and exclaimed:

“At length, Malventi, you are revenged, and the blood of Isabella is brought upon my guilty head.”

Malventi struck his hand forcibly upon his forehead, stepped a few paces back, raised the thick hair that overhung his brow, and gazed upon the fallen Bernardo.

“The blood of Isabella, of my wife!” at length he exclaimed.

“Of thy wife,” replied the dying man, “for though twice thy weapons have failed, at length they have succeeded, and the death of Algoronza is at hand!”

“Malventi was thunderstruck, and staggering a few paces was obliged to support himself upon his sword, while Algoronza continued:

“Let the moments of life that remain be employed to elucidate the mystery that surrounds me. While I lived with you Sebastian on the kindest

terms, I was undermining your character with Don Gomez, who, in consequence of my misrepresentations, refused you his daughter and bestowed the promise of her hand on me. The circumstances that followed are too well known to you to need my repeating them. Having been conveyed to Dusseldorp, I slowly recovered from the wound you gave me in the forest, and resolved to propagate a report of my death, which enabled Don Gomez to procure from his brother, the king, the confiscation of your estates and the outlawry of your person. Still I panted for revenge. Some time since, as I was travelling through this part of the country, to give a colour to the report of my death, I was attacked by one of your band. I overcame him and he begged for mercy, which I granted on condition that he assisted me to discover you. Judge of my astonishment when he informed me you were captain of a band of robbers. A new thought struck my savage mind, rendered brutal by my disappointment; I resolved to become one of your band and to glut my vengeance with your assassination. I joined you under the name of Bernardo, but no opportunity offered to satiate my revenge. When my barbarity was levelled at your wife, you killed me as you supposed, but a peasant snatched me from the river, and at his cottage I recovered rapidly from the wound your pistol gave. Without discovering my real name, I applied to Prince Pandolfo, who has given me these vassals to destroy your band and make you his prisoner. Submit not or an ignominious death awaits you.—You are now the Count of Algoronza.—I can no more.’ Here his breath failed, and with a groan, this victim to his own revengeful disposition expired.

“Malventi gazed some time on the body of the count and a tear started into his eye. The leader of the prince’s party now called on the band to surrender, but Malventi cried aloud, ‘death, death,’ and

rushed upon them followed by his whole troop, except one, who seized the child from me, and exclaiming:

"I will at least save thee," he instantly fled. Never from that hour have I beheld him or the unfortunate infant.

"The battle now joined between the troops with tenfold fury, and in a few minutes I was knocked down by attempting to shield Malventi from a blow that was levelled at him."

"Terrible, terrible!" interrupted Amelia, looking around her in fear.

"I lay upon the cold ground insensible until morning," continued Minda, "and then nothing but blood and lifeless bodies presented themselves to my view. Near me lay my unfortunate Malventi cold in death, and around us the mangled bodies of the band. Not one escaped except Huberto, who tore the infant from me.

"I now attempted to rise, but enfeebled by my wound and the cold dews that had fallen on me, I had just strength to rise on one arm and then fell upon the body of my husband. I did not, however, remain long in this situation, before a band from the palace of Dusseldorp arrived at the spot, to see if signs of life appeared in any of the bodies, but all were dead. The leader was very humane, and discovering me, had me conveyed to the palace in as tender a manner as possible.

"After I had sufficiently recovered from my terrors and my wound, I related my unfortunate story to the Prince Pandolfo, who immediately despatched a messenger to Altenheim, to inform the count and countess, and prepare them for the return of the unfortunate daughter of their murdered Staatsburgh, whose body, I afterwards learned, they had discovered in the forest.

"The next morning I set forward, accompanied by some of the vassals of the prince, and in a few

hours was received at the castle of Altenheim with every demonstration of affectionate concern for my misfortunes and joy for my safe return. The old count dropt a tear to the memory of his beloved Staatsburgh, the lady Emmeline wept at my destiny, and the young Lord Altenheim expressed his sorrow in the most affectionate manner, while I again related my adventures. They insisted upon my taking up my residence at the castle, but grieved to behold the spot where I had witnessed my first misfortune, and preferring retirement and peace to the splendours that are necessarily introduced into a castle. After a short time, I withdrew, to spend the remainder of my days in this spot. Here have I since resided, and by a life of pious resignation to the will of heaven and of kindness to the distressed that come within my knowledge, I have succeeded almost, in obliterating the remembrance of former years from my mind; but no, though the recollection has ceased to torture, it can never be effaced from my heart.

"A short time after my removal, the young Lord Ferdinand was married to your amiable, departed mother; soon after which event, the Count Rodolfo departed this life. The lady Emmeline, who was generally in ill health, struck with this deep affliction, sunk into a rapid decline, and in a few months fol-her beloved lord to the mansions of rest, leaving her son in possession of the titles and domain of Altenheim.

"The events I have been relating, my dear young lady, were not the cause of introducing the families of Pandolfo and Altenheim, for your father and the prince became bosom friends some time before. In a few years after your father's marriage you were born and your fond mother left the world soon after you had reached your eleventh month."

Here Amelia could not retain her feelings, which were acute on Minda's mentioning her mother, whom

she had never known, or at least, whose kindness she was too young to appreciate. A sigh burst from her bosom and a flood of tears from her eyes.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "were that mother now alive, I should have some friend to unburthen my heart to; if she were alive I should not become the victim of paternal ambition, nor be doomed to drag out a wretched existence in union with a man I loathe."

Here she could no longer support herself, but sunk upon the bosom of Minda, who used every argument to inspire her with fortitude and resignation. After her emotions had in some measure subsided, Minda proceeded with her story in the following manner:

"Some years had now passed over my head, and the remembrance of my misfortunes, softened by a life of peace, began to afflict me less. I visited the castle, being always received with the most cordial affection, and regained that cheerfulness of disposition, which had ever been my companion, until my unfortunate encounter with Malventi. One night, after I had returned from the castle and retired to rest, I was aroused from my sleep by a loud knocking at my cottage door. I had scarcely time to leave my bed, when I heard some person exclaim:

"If you have a heart to pity, or a soul alive to the tender feelings of humanity, open your door to the persecuted and unfortunate!"

"Nothing could exceed my astonishment, and my fears at first made me hesitate, but a repetition of the mysterious exclamation determined me. I immediately descended and opening the door, two men, muffled in cloaks, rushed in. One drew a bundle from beneath his cloak, and placing it upon the table, they both hastily left the cottage, without uttering a word.

"After my astonishment had a little subsided, I proceeded to examine the contents of the bundle, and

on raising one part of the covering, discovered an infant about two years old, fast asleep."

"that infant was Florival!" exclaimed Amelia.

"It was," returned Minda.

"Mysterious Providence," said Amelia, "for what are we preserved!"

"I had scarcely uttered an exclamation of surprise," proceeded Minda, "when one of the men re-entered the cottage and thus addressed me:

"'Woman, we know not to what part of the country we have wandered or who you are, but your appearance is humane. We have, therefore, deposited in your hands an infant whom we swore to murder. We do not do this from motives of humanity, but because his being here unknown will answer every purpose since he is only wanted out of the way. He can give you no information concerning his birth, since little more than two years have passed over his head. But you must swear by all the pangs the damned endure, never to make inquiry concerning his name and family, otherwise he must with us again and death will be the consequence.'

"I involuntarily clasped the infant to my bosom and bade him immediately proceed with the oath."

"'Swear,' cried he, 'by your hopes of peace on earth and your everlasting happiness hereafter never to make inquiry concerning the birth of this infant.'"

"'I swear,' cried I, and he immediately left the cottage, nor have I since beheld either of them."

"Religiously have I kept my oath, preserving also from Florival the story of his so being delivered into my hands. His infant prattle, which amused and diverted my mind from melancholy retrospection, would often mention servants and equipage, but time has erased all remembrance of former scenes from his mind, and even at five years old he recollected nothing of the family from whence he sprung, and still is perfectly convinced that he is my son. Your

noble father too is deceived in this respect, believing him to be the son of Malventi, whom I had not revealed to him on my return, through motives of false delicacy. At the age of six years I placed him in the castle, where he has since remained, and has unfortunately ensnared your affections; though, my dear young lady, I have not the least doubt but that the youth is nobly born.

"Such are the circumstances that I had to unfold, and it only remains for me to say that the miniature which you discovered was with Florival, together with some blank papers, and that I firmly believe the person it portrays was his father. Whoever it may be, you are at liberty, my dear lady, to keep it in your possession, but in your possession only."

At the conclusion of the story of the good and unfortunate Minda, Amelia stood some moments wrapped in silent astonishment at the strange and unaccountable proceedings which it unfolded. At length she expressed to Minda her determination of placing the miniature in the hands of Count Altenheim in order to discover, if possible, from whence her now dearer Florival sprung.

Minda in the strongest and most peremptory terms objected to this and exclaimed:—

"You forget my oath, my dear young lady, which renders it impossible for such an inquiry to take place."

"An oath thus exacted, my good Minda," returned Amelia, "can certainly never be considered binding, either in the eyes of God or man."

"Pardon me, lady," rejoined Minda, "did the security of my dear Florival demand it, Heaven might look with an eye of forgiveness on me for it, but he is secure, and doubtless the designs of an omnipotent God are to be answered by his situation. We must wait, therefore, until circumstances, guided by the

unerring purposes of Omniscience, shall unveil the mystery that surrounds us."

To the wishes of Minda the silence of Amelia gave acquiescence, and she resumed her thoughtful deportment, then suddenly recollecting the appearance of Kartholo, she eagerly demanded the reason of his being there. Minda replied, that upon learning the mutual affection of herself and Florival, she had sent for the friar, to communicate to him the manner in which the youth came under her care, and request his advice, but that he passed the cottage while the messenger was at the convent, when she stopped him and acquainted him with the truth. He had blamed her for not telling him before, but commanded her to keep her oath inviolate. She therefore entreated Amelia never to utter a word of the story she had related to her, but leave the unravelling of the secret to him

Whose eye rules all things and intends
The last of our concerns;

and who, doubtless, would bring the guilty to a merited punishment and reward the innocent.

Amelia readily acknowledged the justness of her remarks, and submitted in silence to her requests. The distant sound of the castle bell now tolled ~~ten~~ upon their ears, at which Amelia started from her seat; her thoughts flashed towards the youth she loved, who had promised to be at the cottage an hour before, but who had not then appeared. Her terrors at the story which Minda had related were great, but they were nothing, comparatively speaking, to those that now assaulted her bosom on Florival's account. Her mind now pictured him sinking beneath the violence of the tempest, and with his last breath imploring a blessing upon his beloved Amelia. Now she saw

him braving the fury of the storm, wandering from the path, and sinking the victim of some furious beast or falling a sacrifice to the more savage fury of a midnight ruffian.

Minda perceived something bore upon her mind and tenderly inquired what it was.

"Florival, my Florival!" exclaimed Amelia, and sunk upon the bosom of the old woman.

Minda instantly recollected that Amelia had told her he promised to be at the cottage at nine o'clock, but though her mind was filled with apprehension, she wisely forbore to mention her fears and endeavoured all in her power to dissipate the terrors of Amelia. Though he had promised, she said, to meet them at nine o'clock, probably something had occurred to detain him longer at the castle. Nothing, however, could calm the fears of Amelia, which were so powerful that she determined to return alone and be assured of the truth, rather than remain in a state of uncertain inquietude until morning. She accordingly rushed towards the door—her hand was already on the latch, when a loud knocking made her start back. She retreated towards Minda, and her heart beat with expectation, for she believed it was Florival.

"Open, open," cried a voice from without, "open, Minda, and give us shelter from the inclemency of the night."

"My father!" said Amelia, "it is my father. Let him not discover me, my dear Minda, here at this time of night, or I am undone."

"Softly, my dear lady," returned Minda, "or you will discover yourself. Step into that room and you are secure."

Amelia immediately entered a small chamber on one side, and closing the door, threw herself upon a bed, anxiously waiting for the departure of her father. Minda now opened the door, and admitted Altenheim, Montaldo and their attendants to the shelter of her

cottage, except Geraldo, who staid without to fasten the horses under the spreading branches of the trees.

"Ever ready to assist those who are in necessity, my good Minda," said Altenheim as he entered. "We must intrude a few moments and then on to the castle."

"I am indeed happy, my lord," returned Minda, "at all times to assist the unfortunate, but more particularly in having it in my power to be of service to your lordship."

Altenheim replied affectionately to Minda, and the Prince Pandolfo was introduced to her. Minda, startled a little at the name, and then turning to Count Ferdinand, excused herself by observing, that it recalled to her memory those times when the old prince, then a youth, treated her so humanely. At the mention of the old prince, Montaldo looked a little confused, but soon recovered his serenity, when Geraldo entered, who informed him that the horses were secure from the rain and the saddles unbraced. Geraldo now turned his eyes upon Minda, who was mending the fallen fire, and as she raised herself and cast her eyes on him, he started back against the door and uttered an exclamation of surprise. All were astonished, and Minda stood gazing at him confounded by his behaviour. She knew him not; nor could she divine the cause of his extraordinary conduct upon beholding her.—Geraldo perceiving the situation of Minda and finding he was unknown, recovered from his alarm, and upon being questioned by his lord, replied that his surprise originated in beholding a most striking likeness between Minda and a lady he had been acquainted with some time before.

Montaldo was perfectly satisfied with this reply from Geraldo, but his behaviour appeared too mysterious for Altenheim to acquiesce in the excuse he gave for it. The count had marked Geraldo for a

villain and wondered how Pandolfo could retain a fellow in his service of such a ferocious disposition and offensive manners. Nay, he had almost begun to conceive, from this very circumstance, opinions unfavourable to Montaldo's honour, which he was very loath to imbibe, and had already concluded in his mind that if the spectre of the palace again warned him, the marriage of Amelia should be delayed until the mystery was elucidated.

Our travellers had now dried their drenched garments and had partaken of some refreshment which Minda had prepared, when Geoffry who had left the cottage some moments before, entered and informed count Altenheim that the tempest had ceased and that the stars began to break through the dissipating clouds. All were rejoiced at hearing this, but none more so than Amelia, who heard their departing footsteps with the greatest satisfaction.

Geraldo lingered until the whole had left the cottage, and then hesitating a few moments at the door, said to the astonished Minda in an under tone,

"Have you kept the secret!"

Minda started back without making a reply and Montaldo calling for him the vassal instantly departed.

The exclamation of Geraldo astonished the good old woman, and his sudden disappearance left her in doubt and uncertainty, for she could not conceive who he could be. She was well convinced that it was not the bandit who bore Eugenio from her, and perfectly satisfied that it was neither of the two who placed Florival under her protection. Who then could it be? Conjecture was vain and she was obliged to leave it to Heaven and futurity to unfold.

She now called Amelia from the chamber, who felt somewhat alarmed, until the sound of the horses' feet was lost in distance, and silence once more pervaded the surrounding landscape. Minda informed

her of the mysterious exclamation of Geraldo, who she immediately conjectured to be the same person who brought Florival to the cottage, but Minda was too well satisfied that she would have known him instantly, to adopt her opinion.

Though the fear of her father had been great, her terrors on account of her beloved Florival never left the bosom of Amelia. She again expressed her anxiety, and her determination of returning to the castle and inquiring after the fate of her lover. From this Minda endeavoured to persuade her, but finding her resolute, she fastened the cottage and they departed together for the castle. The moon shone in her meridian refulgence and not a cloud obscured the enlightened firmament. They pursued the path that led by the convent of Saint Lucia, at which they intended to stop and inquire if Florival had been there. They had nearly reached the garden wall, when Amelia uttered a shriek and sunk upon the ground. Minda turned to learn the cause, and beside the afflicted maid beheld the sword and plume of her beloved Florival. The poor woman was so overcome by the sight of these witnesses of the fate of her son, for so we shall still call him, that she was scarcely able to offer any consolation and support to the unhappy Amelia. She could only raise her and lead her to the covent gate where she knocked loudly for admittance. The porter soon appeared and upon being known, they were immediately let in and every attention bestowed upon Amelia which her necessities and rank demanded. By slow degrees she recovered, and the first sentence that passed her lips was an inquiry for Florival.

A beam of joy illuminated her countenance, when the abbess replied, that in the early part of the evening he had entered the chapel and had not been seen to return, and that very probably he was in the cell with father Kartholo; but upon one of the fraternity's

inquiring of the superior, he replied that he had not seen him, and Amelia's heart again sunk.

Kartholo now came from his cell and in great perturbation asked if Florival were missing? Amelia threw herself upon the bosom of the friar and sobbed out the truth, conjuring him not to drive her to distraction by saying he had not seen Florival, as she knew it was the intention of the youth to seek him.

"For some days my dear young lady," returned the friar, "Kartholo has not discoursed with him. If Heaven has deprived us of him," continued he solemnly, "remember it is our duty to be resigned, and submit without a murmur to its decrees. But how do we know he is lost? His hat and sword may have been separated from him by the violence of the storm, and he be safe within the castle. Have any persons been despatched thither."

None had, but two friars now offered to hasten and learn the fate of the youth whom all esteemed and admired, while the superior and some others determined to search round the convent gardens. They were upon the point of leaving the monastery for this purpose, when Editha, with several domestics, arrived in search of Amelia.

"Editha, my dear Editha!" cried Amelia springing into her arms, "tell me if Florival is at the castle."

"Florival at the castle!" exclaimed Editha, "why I came for the purpose to scold you both for remaining so long from home, when you ought to have been there to receive your noble father and Prince Pandolfo, who have just arrived."

"Then he is lost indeed!" cried Amelia.

"Have they at length arrived?" demanded the superior, with a sigh, at the same time casting his eyes upon the ground.

"They have, your holiness," replied Editha, "and

a more noble looking gentleman than Prince Pandolfo, I never saw, saving your ladyship's father."

Amelia was too much engaged with fears for Florival, to attend to the compliment of Editha, who now continued ;

"But who is lost, not Florival surely?"

"Lost, lost," returned Amelia, and related the affair to her governess.

"Sad news, indeed, lady," said Editha, "we must all lament him, but it will be a greater stroke to our lord than to any of the rest. But come you must immediately to the castle."

Father Kartholo now seated himself thoughtfully in a chair, and Amelia, with a heavy heart, prepared to accompany Editha to the castle. Her reflections were acute and indeed her situation was calculated to make them so. Florival was no more and she was left at the mercy of Pandolfo. But now she saw a gleam of hope from this quarter, for if so noble as Editha represented him, he would never receive her hand, when he knew her heart was devoted to another. This was her support, a poor relief from the agonies she felt for Florival. When they were about departing from the convent where they had now been for some hours, the superior called Amelia to him and thus addressed her :

"Daughter, your noble father has confided to me his intention of uniting you to Pandolfo, and I have opposed his using paternal authority to compel you to accept him. I still will oppose it, and if it be in the power of Kartholo you shall yet be saved."

Amelia fell upon her knees and breathing forth her gratitude, besought his benedictions, declared that her union with Montaldo would ruin her peace of mind for ever. The superior bent over her in humble piety and pronounced a fervent ejaculation for her safety and happiness, then overcome by his feelings he hastily retired.

As they continued their way from the convent, Editha informed Amelia that Altenheim had inquired for her, but being told by one of the vassals that she had retired, ordered her not to be called until morning. Amelia was gratified at hearing this; but more so when Editha told her that upon their arrival, the count ordered their beds and had retired before she left the castle. They had now reached the gates, which had been left open by Editha and her party, and were a little astonished to see two men enter just before them. It was Geraldo and another vassal of Pandolfo's. Minda started on beholding the former, for his mysterious expression recurred to her memory. The men now perceived them and they entered the castle together. Editha immediately prepared refreshment for the whole group, and after partaking of it they retired.

Amelia insisted upon Minda's passing the night with her and they accordingly went together to her chamber. Minda being fatigued, soon sunk into profound sleep, but Amelia, busied in reflections concerning her Florival, could not close her eyes. She lay some moments; all was silent as the dead; her lamp now quivered in its socket and in a few moments expired. The windows were closed, a total darkness succeeded the glimmering of the taper and a solemn horror pervaded her chamber. Amelia's mind imbibed the gloomy cast of the night and the most frightful images crowded into her imagination. She saw the ghost of Florival covered with blood, pointing to the wound the assassin's dagger made. Now she beheld him sinking beneath the savage tiger and his warm vitals gushing upon the ground. By such thoughts her mind became affected and she involuntarily drew the clothes over her head, in silent terror. She lay some time in this situation, when her attention was aroused by a noise in the passage

that led from the hall to her chamber and a number of others on the same floor. She ventured to raise herself on one arm and heard distinctly the sound of footsteps. As she knew neither of the chambers, except her own, was occupied, she felt considerably alarmed, and the first impulse of her terror was to fasten the door, being convinced some one was in the passage. The sound approached and she discovered that there were two persons walking along the entry.

"It was a lucky circumstance," said one, "that they passed on; but I question its being him."

"I tell you, Gaspard," said the other, "it is him; the scar on his breast convinced me. He received it in infancy. By the footstool of his holiness I would not have had our master see him for the wealth of a bishop; his feelings, and that fool of a conscience which he unfortunately possesses, would certainly have betrayed him."

"Well, well," replied Gaspard, "he is safe enough at all events: but hold, let us be careful of what we say, walls have ears and we may be heard."

"That is true," said the second voice, "let us be careful. Will this passage never end? By St. Marco, but we must have got into the wrong path. Let us return, for this cannot be the one Geoffry directed us to. This has several chambers in it, that he said contained but two, and bade us take the second."

Amelia now heard the retiring footsteps and felt relieved from the greatest terrors. Unable to tell who they were, she conjectured they must have been the vassals of Pandolfo, and in the second she thought she recognised a voice similar to one she had heard in the cottage; but who they were discoursing about, she could not imagine. It appeared too evident that their conduct had been nefarious, and her breast glowed with satisfaction as she imbibed the idea that

Pandolfo participated in their guilt. She now thought perhaps they were talking of Florival. But no, they had never visited Altenheim before, therefore, it could not be him. Unable to form the least idea of their conduct or intentions, she retired to her bed, and overcome by fear and exertion, she soon fell into a restless slumber.

CHAPTER VII.

Fear of detection, what a curse art thou. GRIFFITH.

When the sun began to throw his early beams upon the turrets of Altenheim, Amelia and her aged companion were aroused from their slumbers by the bustle and confusion that reigned through the castle, and the thought of Florival's disappearance, fresh upon their minds, they arose with heavy hearts. Amelia had ever admired the beauties of the opening day, and drunk in, with a grateful heart, the luxurious draught of morning fragrance; but now she was too much occupied with fears for her dear Florival to enjoy the glorious sight. She threw open the shutters of her window and beheld unmoved the lustre of the rising day. The sun had just left the horizon and his broad orb gradually diminished as he ascended the dappled track which he was destined to pursue. The mists of the night were perceptibly receding before him, and the tear of morning, that trembled upon the bending spray, was quickly absorbed by the fervour of his beams. The meadows appeared to smile and the mellow throats of the tuneful world warbled a matin anthem to the benevolent Creator. In short, it was a morning such as may have inspired Thompson when he wrote,

Falsely luxurious, will not make a man awake,
And springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?

Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves, when every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the devious morning walk?

"Glorious sight," exclaimed Minda, "look here, ye supporters of false philosophy, and mark the omnipotence of that admirable chance who commands the morning to arise in all its splendour, then say there is no great first cause.

"How often, with my Florival," exclaimed Amelia, "have I tasted the luscious repast which nature spreads to satisfy the mind. How often have we left our foot prints in the dewy grass, while bounding over the meadows, animated by the carols of the lark, pouring his instinctive gratitude to a glorious Deity. But those times are now gone. Florival is dead and Amelia must be a sacrifice to the man she loathes."

She now related to Minda the occurrences of the night, who was quite bewildered in the mazes of conjecture, being unable to find any clue that might probably lead to the unravelling of the mystery that surrounded Pandolfo and his attendants. She requested Amelia to accompany her in a walk, to enjoy the cool refreshing breezes of the morning, to invigorate her body, and which would greatly tend to dissipate the gloom that seemed entirely to envelope her mind. This she conjured Amelia to dispel, or at least to conceal as much as possible when before the count, since it might arouse his suspicions and accelerate the catastrophe she was so anxious to avoid.

They passed through the gates into the garden, which was very extensive, and on the further side of which there was a kind of arbour, formed by the spreading branches of a grape vine, and from thence an outlet into the fields. Towards this they walked intending to rest within it a few moments and then pursue their way into the meadows. They had nearly

reached the spot, when Amelia perceived some person dressed as a nobleman, followed by a servant, enter the harbour, through the outlet before mentioned. She gazed some moments on him, before she requested Minda to look. His figure was tall and commanding; his visage betrayed an unsettled bosom, for it was darkened with a dreadful frown, his looks were upon the ground, and as he dropped his arms, which were folded, Amelia perceived upon his breast the resplendent order of Calatrava.

"Minda," said she, "behold yonder terrible looking man."

"The Prince Pandolfo!" exclaimed Minda, as she raised her eyes in obedience to Amelia's request.

"Pandolfo!" cried Amelia, recoiling in horror, "is that the man who is destined for the husband of Amelia?"

"And the vassal who so mysteriously interrogated me," returned Minda.

"I have little hope from such a man," said the daughter of Altenheim mournfully, "if his face is a mirror to his mind; there I behold relentless pride and savage cruelty. If I do not err, that visage is an index to a volume of villany! let us avoid him."

They now turned into another passage of the garden, which was separated from the harbour by the thick foliage of the vines and trees. They passed along without uttering a word, but were suddenly arrested by a deep groan, that issued from the bosom of Montaldo. Amelia started but listened.

"When shall I be free from this insupportable weight of misery!" cried Pandolfo, "when will cease to burn this hell of conscience!"

"Smother it, my lord," cried Geraldo, "in the embraces of Amelia."

"The very voice I heard last night in the passage," whispered Amelia to Minda.

"I know delight awaits me there," returned Mon-

taldo to his vassal, "but as well might you expect to quench the flames of *Ætna* with a tear, as to banish from my mind the anguish that afflicts it. I am at the pinnacle of power, but that spirit still pursues me, which wears the figure of a female but the visage of *Huberto*."

"*Huberto*!" cried *Minda*, "the very banditti who bore *Eugenio* from me, my dear lady, where will these mysterious occurrences end?"

"Indeed!" returned *Amelia*, "then believe me, *Minda*, then *Pandolfo* is a villain, and my father shall know it."

"And you, consummate villain!" cried *Pandolfo* to his servant, "have raised another terror to torment me. Did you not tell me that the prince was dead, did you not swear you cast him into the river?"

"My lord, I did," replied *Geraldo*, "but *Gaspard* would not consent that he should be murdered. However, rest satisfied, safe within the dungeon, he must fall a prey to a meagre famine. Perhaps ere this he is dead!"

"O! that I were sure it was so!" cried *Pandolfo*, dead, dead, and with him let my terrors die!"

Amelia shuddered with horror, and seizing the arm of the no less astonished and horror struck *Minda*, drew her forward to depart. But now, hearing *Montaldo* departing, they hesitated a few moments and saw him leave the garden, followed by *Geraldo*. They entered the arbour and *Amelia* sunk down upon a seat, entirely overcome with her terrors, while *Minda* confounded and amazed sat down without uttering a word.

"What great end," at length exclaimed *Minda*, "has Providence to answer by these wonders!"

"I'll perish ere I wed him!" exclaimed *Amelia*, in a tone of fixed determination, "perish before my name shall be exchanged for one that I should blush to utter! no, cruel, cruel father, blind to the happi-

ness of thy daughter, blind to villany so perceptible in Pandolfo, regardless of my sighs and my entreaties, you shall never force me to a union which I loathe!"

Fearful that the count might have arisen and called for Amelia, Minda urged the necessity of shortening their walk and immediately returning to the castle. Accordingly, arising, they bent their way home, and at the gates were met by Editha, who informed Amelia that Count Ferdinand had been up for some time and called for her.

Amelia, though scarcely recovered from her perturbation and anxiety flew into the hall and in a few minutes was clasped to the bosom of Altenheim.

"My father," cried she, "how happy am I in being once more in your arms."

"My good child," replied Ferdinand, "not more happy than thy father in clasping to his heart the image of a departed saint. But come, my love, enough of transport, let us bestow some moments on politeness. My lord," continued he, addressing Pandolfo, whom Amelia had not perceived upon her entrance, "permit me to introduce you to the heiress of Altenheim; Amelia, my love, be known to the noble Prince Pandolfo."

Amelia received him reluctantly, while Montaldo, seizing her hand, bending his knee, and imprinting on it a fervent kiss, passionately exclaimed:

"The image of a saint indeed, my lord; I am confounded at beholding such divinity of beauty; I congratulate you on the possession of such a treasure, and anxiously wait the moment which is to call her mine. And you, my loved Amelia, suffer me to kiss this hand, as an emblem of that homage which my heart pays to your beauty and your virtue."

"The moment, my lord," said Amelia, "that is to make me yours, may never arrive."

As she spoke this, she cast a contemptuous look

upon Montaldo, which was unperceived by Altenheim, but at which Pandolfo looked chagrined and arose. Amelia could not help thinking that his coupling his heart and the name of virtue, was a solecism which she could not reconcile; a modest blush, however, suffused her cheeks, at his compliment.

Breakfast was now announced, and Altenheim, conducting his daughter to Montaldo, requested him to lead her to the table and desired her to behold in him her husband and future protector. Amelia's heart sickened at the thought, and she mentally exclaimed "never, never!" She would have recoiled from the touch of Pandolfo, but dreaded the anger of her father, and silently permitted him to conduct her. The breakfast being over, Amelia requested leave to retire, which Altenheim the more readily granted as he wanted to have some private conversation with Pandolfo.

"Retire my child," said he "and command Florival to come to me immediately."

"Florival has"—been missing since last night, Amelia would have replied, but checked herself, she hastily withdrew and commanded Editha to hasten and inform her father of the fate of Florival.

The old woman, in relating the story, was often interrupted by her tears but much oftener interrupted herself by passing encomiums upon the unfortunate youth. During the recital, Montaldo seemed very much disturbed, and traversed the room in the greatest perturbation.

When the governess retired and the acute sensations that affected the bosom of Altenheim had in some measure subsided, he observed with surprise the affect Editha's story had upon Montaldo, who perceiving the keen glance of Ferdinand fixed upon him, endeavoured to regain his composure and eagerly inquired who Florival was.

"A noble though a low born youth," replied

Altenheim, "the son the good woman in whose cottage we last night found shelter from the fury of the storm."

"Are you satisfied, my lord," said the prince, "that he is really the son of Minda?"

"Perfectly satisfied, prince," returned the count; "but wherefore did you ask that question, have you ever seen the youth?"

"Never," rejoined D'Arinhault, "but having partly heard the story of Minda from Geraldo, who knew her some years ago, I understood she had no son, no child. But come, my lord, it was but a thought that struck me, let us leave this melancholy subject and talk of love, of Amelia. Believe me, count Ferdinand, I expected not to meet such excellence at Altenheim, such transcendent charms. My union with the fair Amelia was projected, and has progressed thus far, by interest, but I would found it on a purer motive, love. On my part it shall be solemnised the most ardent, unchanging love, but on hers—"

"It will be the same," interrupted Altenheim, "it will be the same; I know my child, Pandolfo, know her heart untouched, and 'tis therefore easy to comply with my desires. Besides she is dutiful, and my requests are with her commands. In two days she shall be yours. Indeed, Pandolfo, I did entertain suspicions of your honour, and that malicious spirit—"

"Spirit," interrupted Pandolfo, "O! that spirit!"

"What of that spirit?" cried Ferdinand, severely, "have you more knowledge of that spirit, prince, than you are willing should be discovered?"

"On my soul, no!" cried Montaldo; "but can I feel otherwise than miserable, while I am thus tormented for I know not what? No, my lord, I dread not the terrors of that visionary visitant, but that suspicion haunts the minds of all who know me; and yet by yonder skies I am as guiltless as the shapeless embryo."

"Dismiss your fears, prince," returned Ferdinand, struck with the firmness and solemnity of Pandolfo, "for I believe you innocent. 'Tis true, I had resolved to suspend the marriage, if that spirit again addressed me, but I am resolved it shall now take place. The ghost has not kept her word, so no more, dear prince, but prepare for your marriage on the evening of the day after to-morrow."

"You overcome me with kindness," said Montaldo, secretly exulting that he had so easily banished his suspicions from the bosom of the count; but Ferdinand was in such a state of uncertainty, that the most trifling circumstance would have been sufficient to arouse them again, as they were only smothered by the asseverations of Montaldo and an ardent desire of uniting the houses of Pandolfo and Altenheim. Enveloped in a veil of mystery that surrounded every person with whom he was connected, and being unable to penetrate it, the proofs he had of Montaldo's guilt were only presumptive, and he thought it best to sacrifice his suspicions to his ambition.

He now requested Pandolfo to excuse him while he hastened to prepare his child for the suddenness of her marriage, and conducting him to the library, hastened to find his daughter and inform her of the happy event. The unfortunate maid had retired to her chamber, where the count found her in tears. These he attributed to the wrong cause, and thus spoke to her:

"In tears, my love? this is indeed kind, weeping I suppose, for the death of your unfortunate playfellow, the brave Florival. But come, these tears must be withheld, for I have news of joy to tell."

"Indeed, my father," replied she, "it will be welcome, for I expected deathful tidings from you: Pandolfo—"

"Will soon be yours, my daughter," interrupted Ferdinand exultingly, "Mistress of D'Arinhault, you

will be the pride and envy of all Germany, and be the means of rendering your father completely happy and raising him to the summit of all earthly grandeur."

Amelia gazed some moments on her father's face, then seizing both his hands within hers and falling upon her knees, in the utmost agony of feeling besought him not to sacrifice her to a man she could not love; conjured him by her likeness to her mother not to destroy her happiness, and declared that death would be the consequence of a union with Pandolfo. Altenheim looked at his daughter some moments in silent severity, then exclaimed:

"Base, degenerate girl! is all my hopes thus blasted, all my fond solicitude repaid with such ingratitude? has my anxious love watched over thee from thy infancy, trained thee in the path of virtue and of honour, and procured thee a husband worthy of thy love, to see thee, dead to thy happiness and thy father's honour, reject a prince's offer!

"Ah! my father," returned Amelia, "what are the honours that await me, to the misery I shall be doomed to experience with the guilty Pandolfo."

Ferdinand started a few paces from her, and gazed upon her in fear and wonder, as he repeated "guilty! guilty!"

"Yes, my father," returned Amelia, "in that gloomy brow is written dreadful villainy! he is guilty or I am greatly deceived."

"So then," rejoined the count, "your knowledge is at last nothing more than suspicion."

"Not so, my lord," answered Amelia. She then related the morning's adventure to which her father listened with great and apparent uneasiness, and when it was concluded, stood some moments in mute astonishment. At length, arousing from his reverie, he demanded of Amelia whether it was really true? Amelia solemnly declared the fact and referred the

count to Minda for a corroboration of what she related. Ferdinand stood some moments in meditation, and then, looking significantly at her, requested Amelia to tell him if her aversion proceeded from what she had heard, or whether it had not previously taken root in her bosom. She replied that it had, long before she saw him.

"Indeed!" cried the count, "and what was that aversion founded on?" Amelia trembled violently and a blush immediately overspread her features. "Have I then touched upon a subject," continued her father, "that can call a blush into the cheek of my daughter? So then the discovery is made; here is the cause of hatred to Pandolfo, here is the foundation of your aversion to a man you saw not till to-day; you love another, is it not so? answer me!"

"I dare not, I never will breathe a falsehood to you, my father," answered the terrified Amelia. "I do indeed love another, but alas!"

"Dare you avow it, then?" interrupted her father. "Base girl, undutiful, unhappy daughter! But mark me well, when the tiger receives his food from the fearful infant, when the wolf becomes the guardian of the sheepfold, when fire shall mingle with its liquid adversary, then hope to marry any one, except Pandolfo."

"Alas! my father," replied Amelia "your determination is, I fear, unnecessary, for Florival is no more."

"Did I hear aright?" exclaimed Ferdinand. "Florival! in love with my vassal!—I should bless the providence, that in removing him, has saved the honor of my house. My bosom burns with shame, disobedient girl; this was the guilt of Pandolfo; he was destined for your husband, and you had previously disgraced your father by an affection for his slave, the son of an outlawed Spaniard!"

"Spaniard!" cried Amelia, but suddenly recollect-

ing her promise to Minda, she checked herself and remained silent. The count stood some time torn by contending emotions, and at last, catching her in his arms, he exclaimed:

"I forgive you, but sooner than I intended; yes, to-morrow shall you be the wife of Pandolfo. No answer, I am resolved."

Thus saying, Ferdinand immediately withdrew, leaving Amelia in the most excruciating agony. She threw herself upon the bed and could only exclaim, "Then I am undone!" when she sunk into a state of insensibility. In this situation she was discovered by Minda, who entered the chamber with a letter in her hand, addressed to Amelia. She was greatly terrified on beholding her, and calling on Editha, assistance was immediately procured, which in a short time succeeded, and the maid recovered. Minda immediately requested her to command the absence of her servants, which being done, she presented the letter, informing Amelia that a person muffled up in a cloak, had appeared at the gate, and demanded to speak with her. She hastened to him and received the letter, with an injunction to deliver it into the hands of the lady Amelia, he then instantly departed.

Amelia took the letter and parted the seal with a trembling hand, expecting to ascertain the fate of her beloved Florival; but what was her disappointment, her astonishment, hope, joy and expectation, when she read as follows:—

Appeal, dear lady, to the humanity and generosity of Pandolfo; but should that be unavailing, seem to acquiesce in the wishes of your father; remembering that there is a friend who vows to save you in the hour of peril. Be resolute and rely on

A friend to the unfortunate.

Amelia held the letter open in her hand for some time, and endeavoured, from the writing, to surmise who the writer could be but all in vain; she had

never seen it before, and could not form the least probable conjecture concerning the author. It could not be her Florival; oh! no, she was too well acquainted with his hand. It could not be Father Kartholo; for how was it in his power to save; besides, why did he not impart his plans to her while at the monastery? Perhaps then it was some device to lead her more calmly to the arms of D'Arinhault! her soul shuddered at the idea, and she, at once, resolved to pay no attention to the mysterious epistle. But then her marriage with Pandolfo was determined on, and either with her consent or forcibly she must go to the altar; where then could be the danger of attending to this private request? even if the expected friend failed he would not leave her in the same situation in which he found her. This made her change her first resolution and determine upon attending to her unknown adviser.

Minda highly applauded this determination and they both left the chamber, Minda for her cottage and Amelia to seek Montaldo. Alas! poor maid, had she known the disposition of D'Arinhault, savage, brutal and hypocritical, she would never have attempted to soften his flinty bosom by awakened generosity.

Full, however, of expectation, she passed to the bank of the river to refresh her fainting spirits and endeavoured to regain some composure before she addressed the prince; and placed herself upon the grassy banks. She sat some time, leaning upon her arm, when she heard the sound of footsteps; she looked up and beheld Montaldo approaching her with rapid strides, but apparently unconscious that any one was near him. Amelia arose and he perceived her; he quickened his pace and taking hold of her hand he thus addressed her; "My lovely, my destined

bride, to what blissful power am I indebted for the felicity of thus meeting you?"

"My being here, my lord," replied Amelia, "was entirely accidental, but since we have met, I acknowledge that I wished to see your lordship."

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed D'Arinhault, "that the lovely Amelia could have desired to see me!"

"Yes prince," replied the trembling daughter of Altenheim, "for you have it in your power to confirm my mortal happiness or misery! to your honour, to your generosity I appeal, to snatch me from the pinnacle of ruin and obtain the everlasting gratitude of Amelia."

"You amaze me, my lovely trembler," cried the crafty D'Arinhault, in affected surprise, for well he knew the intention of the maid, "you amaze me indeed! what can this mean? I conjure you to explain and save me from the misery of surmise!"

"Hear me, Prince Pandolfo," cried Amelia, assuming a tone of firmness, "you and I have been destined from our infancy for each other, but I hope your noble nature would wish our union founded on a more honourable basis than that of sordid wealth and gaudy pageantry."

"Certainly, my beloved, my adored Amelia," cried Montaldo rapturously, "upon the pure unsullied basis of mutual affection."

"Indeed! prince," returned Amelia, "then you will no doubt withdraw your demand of the promise of my father, when you know that I can never love you and that my heart has long been the property of another."

D'Arinhault was thunderstruck. He expected not so sudden an attack and was rather unprepared, but sinking on his knees, he conjured Amelia not to drive him to despair, that had she made her

request before he had seen her, there would have been no difficulty in relinquishing his pretensions, but to have the cup of felicity within his grasp and throw the nectar from him untasted; never, never, it would be certain death!

"Unmanly, and ungenerous," cried Amelia, "but know, proud lord, that my fortitude once roused, can be as stubborn as your cruelty, and here I declare, never will I be willingly your wife!"

The natural disposition of the infamous Montaldo was roused, and starting from his humble posture, he cast a look of savage triumph at the helpless Amelia, then with a smile of haughty sarcasm exclaimed,

"Indeed! heroic maid, thus mine unwillingly shall you be, or the sacred promise of Altenheim be violated!"

Thus saying he hastily turned to depart, but Amelia conjured him by the affection he professed for her, not to drive her to despair, and urge her to desperation by mentioning the circumstance of their meeting to her father.

"On one condition," answered the unfeeling villain, "I consent obdurate girl, to bury in oblivion the insult you have offered to my honour and my love, consent to be mine, whenever your noble father shall require your attention at the altar."

Amelia shuddered at this proposal, but seeing no way to avoid the detestable act and resolving to commit herself to the care of her unknown friend as her last hope, reluctantly promised, and the transports of D'Arinhault were unbounded. He declared that she had given him new life and raised him from the depth of despondency to the summit of felicity. But the heart of Amelia was agitated by different sensations. She beheld her situation with the utmost agony. Should her friend fail and she become the

wife of Montaldo, her misery would be extreme. Suffering under these impressions, she permitted Pandolfo to conduct her to the castle, at the entrance of which, they were met by Ferdinand to whom Montaldo related the successful issue of his interview with Amelia. The count was in extacies and catching Amelia to his bosom, wept over her in unfeigned joy.

"To-morrow," said he, "your marriage shall be solemnized; and there is but one thing that throws a cloud over the festivities of the day; Kartholo refuses to perform the ceremony, or even be present at it. However, Celestine will attend and the knot he makes will last as long as Kartholo's. Come, my children let us in and take some refreshment, and I will give orders to prepare for the moment that makes me the happiest of fathers."

They now entered the castle, and the halls soon rung with the tidings of the approaching nuptials of the lady Amelia. Let us hasten then to the catastrophe of the next day. The fatal morning arrived; and the group from the castle proceeded to the convent of Saint Lucia, to witness the hymenial ceremonies. They paused a few moments in the hall, until the tolling of the bell announced the moment for proceeding to the chapel. Father Celestine preceded the whole, bearing the cross, having on each side a friar, habited in a white robe carrying a torch. Then followed Pandolfo conducting Amelia, supported also by the arm of Altenheim, and lastly the nuns, chanting the marriage anthem, accompanied by soft, but most enchanting music.

They now entered the chapel, arranged themselves around the altar, and after paying their adoration at the feet of their patroness of the monastery, Celestine proceeded to the nuptial rites. No friend appeared

to save her, and Amelia's heart trembled at her inevitable destiny.

"I pronounce," cried Celestine, "Amelia, daughter of Ferdinand, Count of Altenheim, prince of the holy Roman empire, the true and lawful wife of—"

Here a deep groan flew through the chapel, which struck every bosom except Amelia's with dismay, and prevented Celestine from concluding the ceremony. In a moment all was again silent, and the monk was requested to proceed. He did so, when the groan was again heard, and a voice, which issued from the cemetery below, exclaimed in a hollow tone:

"Altenheim, friend of Pandolfo, lead not thy daughter to a murderer's arms!"

All were thunderstruck; but none knew the voice of the spectre of the palace, except the prince, Altenheim, and their attendants.

"Heard you that, my father?" cried Amelia, rushing into the arms of Altenheim and their attendants.

"What means this delay?" cried Pandolfo, "let the ceremonies proceed."

"Never!" cried Amelia.

"Never!" cried the spectre of the palace, appearing as before described, to the amazement and terror of the whole. Pandolfo sunk senseless into the arms of the attendants, and Amelia fell upon the bosom of her father. The monks and nuns all fled from the chapel, and the spectre, repeating the warning to Altenheim, immediately disappeared.

"Yes," cried the count, "your admonition shall now be attended to. Look up, my child, and be happy; you shall never be the wife of D'Arinhault."

Amelia caught the last words of her father, but could only cast a look of gratitude on him, for her

feelings checked her utterance. Pandolfo was conveyed to the castle in a state of insensibility, and Amelia and her father followed; the former with a light heart, the latter, happy that his daughter had escaped the snares of a villain, but chagrined that his ambitious prospects had been thus blasted.

CHAPTER VIII.

O! it was a sight that would have bleach'd
Joys rosy cheek for ever.

M. G. LEWIS.

'Twas such a deed, as shows the fiends less guilty,
And from the brow of brutal vice doth pluck
Her purpled ringlets.

ANON.

Montaldo was carried to his chamber and placed upon a couch, when Geraldo, who accompanied him, desired the servants to withdraw, and they all immediately disappeared. His endeavours for the recovery of the prince were then used, which in a short time succeeded, and Pandolfo showed signs of returning animation. Upon coming to himself his rage and disappointment knew no bounds. He cursed the folly, as he called it, of Ferdinand, and his own weakness, but called for the heaviest fury of perdition to light up the dead Huberto. Geraldo endeavoured to sooth the passions of his master, but for some time without success, at last the storm subsided, and fear usurped the place of anger. Fear lest Altenheim should suspect and withhold in consequence his daughter from him, to whom he felt his heart so much attached that he dreaded her loss more than the loss of honour. The infamous Geraldo, however, always ready to advise his lord to, and assist him in any nefarious design, informed him that, let Altenheim act as he thought proper, Amelia should be his, if he would undertake the scheme he had to propose!

"It struck me said this adept in vice, "the moment your lordship swooned."

"Let me hear it, good Geraldo," said D'Arinhault.

"Gaspard, my lord," replied Geraldo, "and myself, will convey her to the old castle in the forest between this and Dusseldorp, from whence, after the confusion occasioned by her absence has subsided, it will be easy to bear her to the palace, when she will be in your power, and yours without the inconvenience of a marriage ceremony."

"By Heaven!" exclaimed D'Arinhault, "you have saved me from despair. It shall be so, my noble follower. Nay, if Ferdinand should now consent, I would scorn his offer, and bear her from him in chastisement for his former suspicions."

It was settled that the plan should be deferred for a few days, that suspicion might not be roused, and Montaldo even determined to return to Dusseldorp before the attempt was made. Count Altenheim was now announced at the door of the chamber, and Montaldo having composed his confused thoughts, requested him to enter. Ferdinand approached the couch in a distant manner and very formally inquired how D'Arinhault found himself. He answered in a meek and faint reply that he was better, and immediately endeavoured to eradicate the suspicions of the count once more; but they were now too deeply rooted in his breast to leave him on a slight defence. Montaldo finding all his endeavours in vain, assumed a haughty manner; reprimanded him for his ungenerous suspicions, and threatened to prefer a complaint to the emperor, if Amelia was not immediately united to him.

To this Altenheim replied, that he was free to think what he pleased, and, as his daughter was his own property, that he of course had a right to dispose of her to whom he thought proper, and request-

ed the prince to give up all hopes of her, as she never should be his.

The pride of D'Arinhault was touched, and, rising haughtily, supported by Geraldo, he requested Ferdinand to prepare his vassals for their departure the next day. Altenheim bowed his assent, but at the same time informed the prince that he was at liberty to remain at Altenheim as long as it suited his convenience and leisure. Montaldo only replied, that he should leave the inhospitable roof of Ferdinand the next day, and the two noblemen immediately separated.

Montaldo remained some time in the chamber to mature his plan, which as yet was but an embryo, and having descended to dinner stayed no longer there than politeness demanded. He returned to his chamber and Geraldo with him. The night came and the prince ordered his vassal to remain with him until morning, which at length arrived, and D'Arinhault and his attendants sat out for Dusseldorp. Geraldo would have had him stop at the deserted castle, but he shrunk in horror at the idea and ordered the troop to proceed directly for the palace, where they arrived about sunset.

Amelia being now free from the fear of Montaldo, reflected more on the mysterious fate of Florival. She could not dismiss the idea, which had taken firm possession of her mind that the youth was still alive. Pondering on these things she would often wander to the cottage of Minda and sometimes into the woods adjacent, nor think of returning until the rays of the sun began to look pale along the landscape.

It was on the evening of the sixth day after the departure of D'Arinhault that having wandered further than usual into the forest, she was suddenly seized by two men, who darted from behind the

trees. They were masked, but one of them removing his, displayed to her astonishment and terror the visage of Geraldo. The truth flashed upon her mind; she could only utter a cry of horror, and fainted in the arms of the merciless villain. In this situation she was conveyed to a carriage which they had in waiting at a short distance, and they drove with the greatest rapidity for the castle in the forest. They arrived there in a short time, during which Amelia had recovered from her swoon, and entreated to be conveyed to her father, but Geraldo only laughed at her distress, and informed her of the plan laid by D'Arinhault for her destruction. When the carriage stopped, Amelia was ordered to alight and follow Geraldo without uttering a word. She did so, and entering a passage that appeared to lead under ground, passed about twenty yards when they began to ascend a flight of stairs. In a room at the head of these stairs they were met by a third person, whom Geraldo immediately addressed and said,

"Is all prepared Clitherto?"

"All," roared the villain, whose terrific visage struck terror to the soul of Amelia, but who, summoning all the fortitude she could, was determined to bear with resignation the fate which Providence had ordained her.

"'Tis well," replied Geraldo to his worthy companion. "You will now, madam," addressing Amelia, "be pleased to follow me, and I will conduct you to your chamber."

Thus saying, he seized a torch; and opening a door opposite to that which they entered, began to ascend another flight of stairs, followed by the unhappy Amelia. They now passed through another room, and another pair of stairs, when Geraldo informed her that the room they were then entering would be her prison for a few days, but that after the first

alarm occasioned by her absence had subsided, she would be conducted to Dusseldorp and be admitted to the embraces of Montaldo. The villain uttered this last part with a smile of supercilious contempt, which added the most acute anguish to the feelings of Amelia. She however remained silent. They now entered the chamber, which appeared very convenient. On one side was a comfortable bed, and on the other two spacious windows through which the moon beamed full above the summit of the highest tree. Amelia threw herself upon the bed and Geraldo, having lit a small lamp and placed it in the fire place, informed Amelia that Clitherto, would attend her wants every day until she was removed to the palace, then withdrew and locked the door after him.

The sensations of Amelia were most acute. She saw herself torn from her father and at the mercy of Pandolfo, without a hope of escaping or of softening his flinty bosom into pity. This consideration aroused her to exertion and she left the bed, determined to endeavour to effect her escape. She threw open the casement, but she beheld the trees waving below her, consequently there was no hope of escape that way. She then took up the lamp and began to traverse the room, when at the side near her bed, she beheld a door which she had not discovered on first entering the room. She now began to conceive hopes of escaping; she placed her lamp upon a chair and endeavoured to open it, but found it fastened on every side. She however, strengthened, I may say, by hope and despair, applied her utmost force, and after a short resistance, the rusty bolts gave way to her strenuous efforts. She now seized her lamp and was about to enter the aperture, when she recollected that Clitherto might probably enter her chamber and finding her gone would certainly pursue her; there-

fore she returned and, to her inexpressible joy, found that the door through which Geraldo and herself had entered, could be fastened securely on the inside by means of the massy bolts that were affixed to it. Having pushed these into their sockets, she proceeded through the door she had bursted and immediately found herself at the head of another flight of stairs. These she descended for a considerable time and found herself on a kind of platform, her progress being impeded by a broad door, fastened by a huge iron bar. Here her heart began to faint and she was upon the point of returning, when leaning against the door for support, she accidentally touched a secret spring in the bar, which immediately flew from its position across and left the access free. Amelia opened the door but started back when a nauseous vapour issued from within, and nearly extinguished the feeble flame of her lamp. She however recovered and pressed forward with the greatest resolution, and soon found herself in a dismal dungeon. The chill, damp air quite overpowered her and she was obliged to lean against the wall for support. After some moments she found the sickness that overcame her, began to disappear and trimming her lamp, which still played in a faint blaze and emitted but a feeble light around the doleful cave, she began to traverse it. This she did cautiously, examining almost every inch she trode; when, about forty yards from the door by which she entered, she encountered a sight that shocked her to the soul and took from her the power of motion. She uttered a cry of horror and sunk down by the side of a human skeleton! For a long time she remained insensible, and when she did recover, it was only to faint again at the sight which met her eyes. At length, however, her fortitude overcame her fears and she resumed her courage. Her terror was now converted into pity and she be-

gan to conjecture who the unfortunate sufferer could have been. The mystery was however soon developed, for, close by the fleshless bones, she found a roll of parchment. On the sides were these words.

"The skeleton near which this parchment was discovered, is the remains of the once powerful prince Pandolfo!"

Upon reading this, the astonishment and curiosity of Amelia were equally excited. She saw or thought she saw, in Montaldo his murderer, and again adjusting her lamp, she was preparing to satisfy her doubts when the clanking of a chain vibrated on her ears. In an instant every thought was absorbed by fear, and, raising her eyes, she beheld a pale, emaciated figure enter the dungeon from a dark passage opposite to the spot where she stood. His head was bent towards the ground and a chain was wrapped round his body. As he approached Amelia uttered a shriek and fainted.

The figure flew to catch the sinking maid, but upon coming near enough to discern her features, he started back, uttering a shriek of mingled horror, surprise and joy. He stood some moments motionless with astonishment, during which Amelia had recovered and fixing her eyes upon the emaciated form before her, she exclaimed:

"I conjure you tell me, dread spirit, that bear the form of the only one my heart could ever love, tell me for what purpose you have left the tomb, and thus affright my senses in this dismal dungeon!"

"Amelia," cried the supposed spectre, "my dear Amelia!"

"Can it be?" shrieked the maid, "it is, it is!"

She rushed forward and was clasped into the hands of the living Florival! Good reader,

"Season your admiration for a while,
While I relate this marvel to you."

We left the unfortunate Florival, senseless upon the ground, struck by the lightning, on that evening the events of which are already known, his search for Kartholo and his subsequent encounter with the spectre of the palace. The youth continued in a state of insensibility until the prince, Altenheim and their attendants arrived at the spot. The count, being before, passed with his attendants without beholding the situation of his esteemed Florival, and Montaldo and his vassal would also have passed, had not a deep groan from the youth arrested their progress. Geraldo was ordered to search from whence it proceeded, and soon discovered the body of Florival. He no sooner gazed upon the face than he started back uttered a cry of surprise, and seizing a torch that was carried by one of the attendants held it close to the youth, remembrance seemed to strike him. He whispered something in the ear of D'Arinhault, who started, and Geraldo ordered all the rest of the servants to proceed to the castle and leave the unfortunate sufferer to the care of Gaspard and himself. The command being repeated by their lord, they proceeded. Geraldo whispered Montaldo as he passed:

"Let your prudence, my lord, conceal this adventure from the count, and command the silence of the vassals. Ere long you shall hear more of this."

After the group had retired a sufficient distance from the spot, Geraldo opened the bosom of Florival's vest, in order to accelerate his recovery, when he again started at a scar on his breast, and exclaimed "'tis he, this is convincing proof."

Having traced the circumstances thus far, we shall proceed in the words of Florival, which he delivered to Amelia, after the first emotions of wonder, joy and terror had subsided. Having recounted the events which have been already made known he thus continued:

"When I awoke from the state of insensibility into

which the shock I received had thrown me, judge my astonishment, beloved Amelia, on beholding two fierce and ruffian looking fellows bending over me and using every endeavour to bring me to my senses. I immediately concluded they were banditti, but was soon undeceived by their informing me that they were the vassals of Prince Pandolfo and would conduct me to Altenheim when I found myself in a condition to proceed. After some time I found myself considerably recovered and requested their aid to conduct me to the cottage of my mother, where I would rest that night and return to the castle in the morning. They received my wish with demonstrations of satisfaction, and leaning upon the arm of one, whose name I afterwards learned was Geraldo,—

“Infamous villain!” interrupted Amelia, shuddering at the recollection of her own injuries.

“Be calm, my love,” said Florival, and continued: “Supported on his arm I proceeded, as I thought, towards the cottage, nor was I undeceived until I found myself encircled by the forest. I represented their error, as I imagined, to them, when Geraldo drew his rapier and threatened me with instant death if I uttered a word or refused to follow them. Full of amazement I requested to know their reason for the procedure, but received no other answer but the reiteration of the threat. Not knowing how to account for their inveteracy, and conscious of having committed nothing by which to incur their hatred, I proceeded, and, after some time, arrived at this desolate mansion, where we were admitted by a ferocious looking wretch, through a door that opened only as far as a chain across it on the inside would permit.

“Clitherto,” said Geraldo, to the fellow who admitted us, “we have brought a youth of which you are to take the greatest care, for so our lord commands. Let him escape at the hazard of your life.”

“We will lodge him in the lower dungeon,” an-

swered Clitherto, from which if he escape, I will be content to bear the vengeance of our lord."

What my feelings were, my dear lady, at the mention of the dungeon, you can easily imagine; but they were more acute still when Geraldo commanded me to follow, and I saw Clitherto seize a chain fastened to an iron belt, that hung upon the wall.

"What are you a going to do with that?" demanded Geraldo.

"As I am to be accountable for the prisoner's safety," returned Clitherto, "I'll take the liberty of securing him as I please."

The iron belt was now fastened round my body and I was compelled to carry the chain that was to confine me, as I thought, from liberty for ever. I followed the unfeeling wretches and was soon conducted to a cold and clammy dungeon. Here they left me without a word, after they had fastened my chain to a staple in the wall. I heard the door close and the massy locks and bolts creak that shut me in impenetrable darkness. My heart sickened with despair, and I sunk down upon the gelid ground. The horror of my situation rushed forcibly upon my mind; I beheld your despair and the anguish of my benefactor; I saw you united to Pandolfo, while I was lingering in a comfortless dungeon, and where I rightly supposed I was destined to expire by famine. The thought overcame my fortitude and my senses fled. When I revived what was my astonishment, my delight, to find that in falling, I had forced the staple from the wall. My joy was almost as great as if I had been restored to liberty, for I considered the circumstance as the happy prognostic of approaching liberation. But from this dream of felicity I was soon aroused by the unbolting of my dungeon door and the entrance of Clitherto with a torch, a small pitcher of water and a loaf of bread. I immediately replaced the staple and leaned against the

wall, thus covering it from observation; but my crafty keeper observed my motion and having placed the bread and water upon the ground; he proceeded to examine the chain. He soon perceived the staple to be loose, and without uttering a word, he drew it forth and drove it into another part of the wall, then with a grin of savage triumph left me to my reflections. Again I relapsed into despondency, for every hope had disappeared. Clitherto had lengthened my chain so that I could lie down, which I now did, resolving to commit myself to the care of heaven and bear with fortitude the dreadful fate that awaited me. My little stock of bread and water was soon all gone; and Clitherto appeared no more. The excruciating pangs of hunger now began to tear me. I was almost mad with anguish and with herculean vigour, the powerful struggle of despairing nature, I forced the staple from the wall, but overcome, fell. Senseless I lay for a great while, and when I did recover, nature was so exhausted that I was unable to rise. A long time I remained upon the ground, but at last resolved to make one effort to rise. The cravings of hunger were wearing me away, but I suffered no longer the extremity of pain. I arose and bending my way directly forward, I soon found myself in a narrow passage, feeling the wall on each side, which I have discovered led to another dungeon, in which I have found the dear object of my heart's best affections, whom I never hoped to behold again."

Here Florival concluded and Amelia immediately gratified his curiosity by a relation of the circumstances that led to her confinement in the dungeon. Having concluded, they both expressed their conviction of the guilt of D'Arinhault, though neither could imagine the cause of his enmity to Florival; and having offered many fruitless conjectures, Amelia at length called the attention of her lover to the parchment she had found by the skeleton; whose astonish-

ment and horror were as great as her own had been. There still being no hopes of liberty the youth resolved to peruse the scroll by the feeble glimmer of the lamp which Amelia had brought with her into the dungeon, but his purpose was prevented by their perceiving the gleam of a torch upon the furthest part of the passage through which Florival had entered. Their fears were now aroused, and they gave themselves up for lost. Perceiving, however, a projection of the wall that was built round, forming a kind of arch, they both entered it and concealed their lamp, remained in breathless expectation until they discovered who it was that had entered the dungeon. Presently they heard two persons approach and plainly distinguished the voices of Geraldo and the inhuman Clitherto.

"They are not here," cried Geraldo.

"Curses pursue them both!" cried Clitherto, "but come, let us hasten and doubtless we may overtake them both before they reach the castle."

They now passed on, so near the concealment of Florival and Amelia that had they turned round they must inevitably have discovered them. Florival convinced that now was the only chance of discovering an outlet to their prison, imparted to Amelia his design of following them, and after finding the entrance to the dungeon, returning for her. The maid was apprehensive for his safety, yet seeing no alternative, but this, or remaining in the dungeon, she consented, and the youth, wrapping his chain round him to prevent its clanking, proceeded forward, conducted by the distant gleam of Geraldo's torch. After some time they stopped at a door; Clitherto unlocked it, and Florival felt the cool air rush in upon him, which greatly revived his fainting body. He now saw it close, and heard Clitherto lock it again from the outside. He rushed forward and examined it, discovered the catch to be fastened with large screws. He

took the flat staple which still accompanied his chain and to his joy found it sufficiently small to operate as a screw driver. Full of hope he returned to Amelia whom he found waiting his return in breathless expectation. He imparted to her his hopes and they immediately hastened towards the spot that would open to liberty. Florival instantly began his operations and in the space of an hour removed the three screws that fastened the lock, and upon opening the door they were nearly overcome with joy at beholding the starry firmament. Bending to the ground they returned thanks to that beneficent power who protects the innocent and confounds the designs of daring guilt.

They were now free, but knew not which way to travel, to avoid their enemies and reach a place of safety. Resolving, however, to trust to that Providence who had hitherto protected them, they took the right hand path and proceeded forward with as much speed as their feeble frames enabled them to employ.

* CHAPTER IX.

Dare but to touch her,
And I'll rend you, singly, limb from limb.

C. J. INGERLSON.

The grief is not so loud,
Whispers thee o'er fraught heart and bids it break.

SHAKESPEARE,

Our hero and his fair charge had now travelled a considerable distance without meeting with any adventure. They were still in the forest and had now almost began to despair of reaching the cottage of Minda before daylight. While they pondered on their unfortunate destiny, a distant beam of light broke through the darkness and filled their bosoms with apprehension, lest it should be the torch of their pursuers. They stood motionless with terror, but observing that it was stationary their fear gradually subsided, and they resolved to direct their footsteps towards it, and endeavour to gain shelter for the night, and information as to the part of the country they were in.

They now quickened their pace and found that it proceeded from a cottage that appeared to be situated on the banks of a river, the waters of which they could hear plainly dashing against the shore. They now approached the door and Florival knocked.

A hoarse voice within cried:

"Is it you Alcanzor?"

"We are unfortunate strangers," replied Florival,
"that have lost our way through the gloom of the

forest and crave the friendly shelter of your cottage until morning."

"Are there many men of you?" demanded the same rough voice.

"But one," returned Florival, "and a helpless female, surely you will not be so inhuman as to refuse us a shelter!"

"No, no," answered the person from within, at the same time opening the door. "Not as bad as that, though we are very cautious in these parts, since the Moorish corsairs often visit us."

The travellers were now admitted to the comforts of a cheering fire and a good meal was spread before them, of which they ate sparingly, particularly Florival, who had prudence enough after so long an abstinence, not to injure himself by the indulgence of immoderate appetite. After the meal was over, Florival requested his host to inform him what he meant by the visits from the Moors, of which he talked.

"Can it be possible," said the youth, "that they come so far up our rivers? they have, I believe, never reached as far as the castle of Altenheim."

"Altenheim!" replied the old man, "why you are five leagues below Altenheim."

"And upon the same river?" demanded Florival.

"To be sure," returned the host. "But come, do tell us how you came to have that chain around you, and how my young lady came to be with you at this time of night."

Florival hesitated, but upon receiving the consent of Amelia, immediately related their adventures. The old man expressed his knowledge and hatred of Pandolfo, and added,

"Methinks I have seen that face before; but as many years have passed since, I may be mistaken.

Florival was surprised but requested all the information of his host which he had it in his power to

grant concerning the situation of the country and the nearest and most secure route to Altenheim. This he promised to comply with in the morning, but begged them to take some rest after the fatigue they must necessarily have undergone. He then went to the foot of a flight of stairs and having called his wife and daughter, by the name of Barbara and Bertha, our fugitives presently saw descend a woman of an appearance as uncouth as her husband's, followed by a beautiful girl, whose countenance wore the most interesting simplicity.

"Come wife," said the old man, "you must resign your bed to the lady, and you, Bertha, yours to the young squire here. They both escaped from bad hands, and having wandered four or five leagues out of their way, have craved the shelter of our cottage until morning."

The woman expressed her satisfaction, and the daughter only answered by a sigh. Florival noticed the melancholy of the sweet girl, and looking alternately at the father and mother, he felt something like suspicion of their intentions dart upon his mind. He however forbore to express it, lest it should irritate his host and terrify Amelia. He hit upon an expedient at length, and Amelia having been conducted up stairs by Barbara, as he was retiring, led by Bertha, he turned to the old man and said:

"My good friend, from what you said concerning the Moors, I have been wondering who the Alcanzor you addressed me as, can be. Alcanzor is a Moorish name.

The old man was confused and Florival's suspicions were confirmed. At length the host said, that Alcanzor was a neighbour of his, whose wife was sick, and whom he had requested to come for Barbara, if she got worse during the night. Florival was not satisfied with this reply, but without uttering a word followed Bertha, determining however to use

the utmost vigilance. When they reached the chamber, Bertha placed a lamp in the chimney, when Florival requested her to take it away; she advanced towards him, and seizing him by the hand, said, in hurried tones.

"Let it remain, sleep not, that door opens to the lady's chamber; beware of danger; Alcanzor is a Moor and a robber."

Thus saying she withdrew, leaving Florival overwhelmed with astonishment and terror. He knew not what to do, but at least resolved to warn Amelia of any dangers that might surround them. He accordingly opened the door with care and found Amelia laying dressed on the bed and in profound slumber.

"Amelia, my love," he said in a low voice, "awake!"

Amelia immediately unclosed her eyes and demanded of Florival the reason of arousing her.

"Speak lower, my love," said he. "We are surrounded by danger. Arise and come into my chamber."

The maid got up in the utmost terror, and was about to follow Florival, when, by the light of the lamp which he brought into the room, he perceived a large rapier, incrustated with blood, and a brace of pistols hanging against the wall.

"It will be at least prudent," said he, "to provide against extremes, and these appear as if providentially sent."

He accordingly took them down and placed the pistols in the belt that was around his body, after he had removed the chain that was attached to it. They now entered Bertha's chamber, and Florival, closing the door as softly as possible, informed Amelia of the warning he had received from the girl. She would have had him immediately quit the cottage, but he represented to her the impossibility of avoiding the

robbers, should they have any ill intention, and that an abrupt departure would but awaken suspicion.

He thought it best therefore to trust to Providence and his own resolution for protection, adding,

"They shall not harm you, my love, while Florival exists."

He now persuaded her to lie down and endeavour to compose her feelings and recruit her strength, in case any immediate cause should require exertion. Amelia complied with his request, but could not sleep, while he sat down by a window that looked into the river. He sat for some time leaning upon his hand and ruminating upon the strange events that had passed, and revolving in his mind the probable fate that yet attended him, when he was aroused by a sound which he thought was that of the dashing of oars. He looked out and could plainly distinguish, by the light of the moon, a small boat coming towards the shore, in which there was five men dressed in Moorish habits, and completely armed. They now landed and advanced towards the cottage. One was a man of amazing stature and of noble and dignified appearance. This, he concluded, was Alcanzor, nor was he deceived. Presently they knocked at the door and the cottager demanded to know if it was Alcanzor.

"It is I," answered the tall Moor, "open the door Jaspar."

"Softly, softly," cried Jaspar, as he opened it, "we have lodgers to-night."

"Indeed!" rejoined Alcanzor, "are they worth the trouble?"

"Marry, but there will be no trouble at all," replied Jaspar. "There is not much gold, but there is a delicate bit of female loveliness that will suit your Moorish stomach."

"A woman?" cried Alcanzor.

"And a young squire," said Jaspar, "that bears her company."

"If he be poor," cried Alcanzor, "let him go where he will, but the lady shall go along with me."

"And he too," rejoined Jaspar, "if it be only for my safety. He belongs to Altenheim, and if suffered to return I am undone. You know we never kill unless urged by necessity, and therefore if you don't take him, this dagger—"

"Enough," said Alcanzor, "he shall go, and in Barbary perhaps he may bring a thousand sequins."

"Barbary!" cried the woman, "why do you mean to go to Barbary?"

"Aye, aye, dame," returned the Moor, "I have this trip taken several fine prisoners, as well as gold, and mean to visit Africa once more to dispose of them. Here," continued he, "here is your share of the plunder, for providing us with provisions and protection, while on shore."

He now threw several purses on the table and called for refreshment.

Amelia had heard every word that passed, and trembling with fear, arose and placed herself by Florival. Again the conversation below was renewed, and our hero and heroine were the subjects.

"Is she handsome?" asked Alcanzor.

"Beautiful!" replied Jaspar.

"Not so handsome as you think, Jaspar," said his wife, gruffly, "but you are always praising other women."

"Come, come, dame," cried the Moor, "no caveling, remove these things and then for our guests."

The things were now taken away and Alcanzor said, they had better secure the lady first, lest in the confusion of taking care of her attendant, she should escape. This counsel was adopted, and the unhappy

fugitives heard them ascending the chamber of Barbara.

"There is but one way remaining," cried Florival, "place yourself upon the bed, my love, and I will defend you to the last."

Amelia in terror obeyed him, and Florival placed himself close to the door that communicated with the other chamber. Presently he heard them in the next room, and Jaspar exclaimed:

"She is not here. By my faith the rogue has a nice taste and has taken her to himself; but we'll soon disturb them."

So saying he opened the door, but had scarcely entered the chamber when the rapier of Florival cleft his head asunder, and he fell dead without a groan. A Moor now entered and received his death by one of the pistols. The other four then rushed forward with Alcanzor at their head. Florival levelled the second pistol at him when one of the men rushing forward received the ball through his head which was intended for his master; Florival now attacked the remaining three and sacrificed another to his fury, before he was disarmed and secured.

Amelia beheld her brave protector fall beneath the scymeter of one of the Moors, but saw no more. She rushed shrieking from the bed, but fell senseless into the arms of Alcanzor. The mother and daughter now made their appearance, and while the former vented her unavailing curses upon Florival for the death of her husband, the latter was employed in endeavouring to restore the lifeless Amelia. These efforts were for a long time unsuccessful, but at length she recovered, only to greater anguish, upon beholding Florival covered with blood and bound with cords, so that he was unable to move his arms. In vain were her lamentations, they were only answered with scoffs by the Moor and the curses and revilings of Barbara.

Florival conjured her to moderate her grief and trust to Providence for their deliverance.

"We are in your power, Moor," said he to Alcanzor, "and therefore ought to be secure. But permit us to depart and the adventures of this night shall for ever remain a secret with us."

Alcanzor looked scornfully at him but made no reply, then turning to the Moors, he cried:

"To the barge."

Our unhappy fugitives were now compelled to proceed towards the boat, as they passed from the cottage, Bertha whispered in the ear of Florival,

"If I can escape from this spot, the Count Altenheim shall know your destiny."

Florival pressed her hand in token of gratitude and they immediately departed for the shore, and as day had now broken, the Moors appeared in great perturbation. They now entered the boat and plied their oars with great force for about three hours, when Florival perceived, under the shelter of a small island covered with trees, the Moorish galley, which in a few moments they reached, and on board of which they were now conducted, never, as they believed, to see their native land again. Florival was released from his bonds, and they were conducted through numbers of terrific looking Moors and renegado Spaniards into the cabin. There they discovered several other prisoners, and amongst the rest a gentleman dressed in a rich Spanish habit, whom the Moor addressed as the Count Algoronza and presented Amelia to him.

She started at the name, and the story of Minda rushed upon her mind. This could not surely be the base friend of Malventi, who had again escaped the just vengeance of that injured man. She seemed lost in surprise, and remained silent. Refreshment was now ordered and they all sat down together to a delicious

meal, though it wanted liberty to make it palatable. Alcanzor ordered his men to prepare for their departure as soon as night came on and then joined the melancholy group in the cabin. ♣

It is now time to return to Altenheim and relate the circumstances that succeeded the departure of Amelia. Night came on and the curtain of darkness enveloped the landscape, for the fires of the firmament had not begun to sparkle. Hour after hour had passed and Amelia had not returned, till Minda began to conclude that she had proceeded to the castle without visiting the cottage. She was, however, soon fatally convinced that her opinion was erroneous, for about eleven o'clock the vassals from the castle arrived at the cottage in search of her.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of the servants upon finding she was not there, nor the dismay of Minda when she discovered that Amelia had not returned to the castle. A thousand conjectures flew through her mind but the only one she indulged was that she had been carried off by the vassals of Montaldo. She opened her mind to the servants and determined to accompany them to Altenheim to impart her suspicions to Count Ferdinand. They accordingly departed and found the anxious father waiting at the gate, together with Editha and some of the vassals. Not perceiving his daughter with them, a groan broke from the bosom of Altenheim, he sunk lifeless into the arms of his attendants and was conveyed to his chamber by the servants whose feelings were almost as powerful as their lord's. Nothing but grief reigned through the castle, for not a heart was there but what beat in unison with the disconsolate father. When Altenheim recovered, not a word escaped his lips; the big tear stood trembling in his eye, convulsive throbs disturbed his bosom and his hands were clasped in the extremity of sorrow. For two

hours did the distressed parent thus suffer for the loss of his beloved Amelia. At length the violence of grief subsided and he demanded of one of the attendants if Minda were in the castle, who being admitted, was desired to give any account of the distressing accident that was in her power.

She related all she knew concerning the ramblings of Amelia, and then informed him of her suspicions that she had been carried off at the instance of D'Arinhault. Altenheim started at the idea and exclaimed :

"No, he could not be so base !

"Can your lordship still doubt," said Minda, " that Pandolfo is capable of the basest actions ?"

"That he is a villian I doubt not," answered Altenheim, but his audacity in tearing my child from me, I can hardly credit. However, messengers shall immediately be despatched to Dusseldorp, and if the fact be so the vengeance of an afflicted father shall reach him."

The bell of the castle now tolled three and Ferdinand ordered his vassals to prepare for an immediate departure for Dusseldorp. They were soon ready and having received his orders, Huberto departed at the head of fifty men. He had orders to search the forest and to stop at the deserted castle of Pandolfo. He had been gone about an hour when a loud knocking at the gate, disturbed the inhabitants of Altenheim, and when it was opened to the astonishment of all, Huberto and his troop entered having Geraldo and Clitherto in custody.

They were conducted to the count, who interrogated them, threatening the severest tortures if they spoke falsely. The villains, however, secure from detection, upon finding that their captives had not found their way home paid but little attention to these threats. Geraldo declared that he had been to the

deserted castle on business for his lord and that he had missed his way in the forest and had been basely seized by Huberto.

"Your daughter, my lord," continued he "I have not seen. A female and a man we did pass in the forest, but it was so dark that we could not distinguish them. As they passed, however, we heard her call him by the name of Florival. This broke like thunder on the ears of every one and the name of Florival was repeated from every mouth. The count was wrapped in the most profound amazement. At length he cried, while tears gushed upon his cheeks,

"Can it be possible! did the ungrateful wretch secret himself so long, but that he might have an opportunity of robbing me of my only comfort? Cruel, degenerate girl!"

"On my life, my lord," exclaimed Minda, "they have spoken false; too well I know my Florival to suppose that, if alive, he would be guilty of so great a crime. But alas! I am too fatally convinced he is no more." Geraldo and his companion attested, however, their innocence and the truth of the circumstances related, which was only done to fix on Florival suspicion, and remove it from Montaldo; and it succeeded to their wishes, for Altenheim immediately adopted the idea and retired to his chamber to bury his griefs in solitude, after ordering the two villains to be provided with lodging. This they wisely rejected, declaring it necessary for them to return to Dusseldorp immediately. After having taken some refreshment they left Altenheim and proceeded towards the palace to convey the fatal intelligence of the escape of their prisoners to Montaldo. Nothing could exceed his rage, and had not Clitherto wisely refrained from coming into his presence he would have lost his life in conse-

quence. He was continually haunted with fears, lest he should be discovered and Florival and Amelia return. It was not until two or three days had passed without their being heard of that Pandolfo recovered the least serenity of mind, and then he hastened to Altenheim to clear himself from the foul imputation attached to him by Minda, and express his regret at the grief of Altenheim.

It was on the morning of the fifth day after this fatal night, that Montaldo visited Altenheim, and while they were in conference, Count Ferdinand was told that a female desired to see him. Full of hope and expectation he ordered her to be admitted. Our reader will have surmised that it was Bertha, the daughter of the murderous Jaspas. It was. She apologized to the count for her intrusion:

"But," continued she, "I trust it will be unnecessary to make an apology when you know, my lord, that I am able to give you information of your daughter."

This operated like a stroke of electricity, and Altenheim requested her to proceed. She then related the circumstances with which the reader is already acquainted, except the imprisonment and escape of Florival and Amelia, for of these she was, happily for D'Arinhault, entirely ignorant, the youth having related his adventures to Jaspas alone. When she had concluded, Altenheim found his suspicion corroborated and immediately uttered the heaviest curses on the betrayer of his child, as he called Florival. Bertha could not, however, coincide with Ferdinand, and informed him that Florival could not have intended to elope with Amelia as he was so strenuous to get back to Altenheim. In short, she related every circumstance that might tend to counteract the count's suspicions, but all in vain, they were too firmly rooted to be easily eradicated, particularly as

he was now convinced the youth was alive and with his daughter. Bertha now let Altenheim know that she had eloped from her barbarous mother, and wished to be received as a domestic into the castle. This was readily granted and orders immediately issued to that effect.

Pandolfo now took leave of the count and proceeded towards Dusseldorp, while the inhabitants of the castle remained in a state of anxiety and distress. Altenheim knew his daughter was a slave, and could only weep and pour his maledictions on the head of the guiltless Florival.

CHAPTER X.

Let us leave the mourning and dejected father and return once more to his no less unhappy daughter and her faithful Florival. Amelia could not discard the amazement that had taken possession of her mind on thus meeting a count of Algoronza, and took an opportunity, after their meal was over of relating the story of Minda to Florival. Nothing but the necessity she considered herself under of letting the youth into some knowledge of his birth as she considered him in danger, would have urged her to discover what Minda would once have had concealed.

The astonishment of the youth at the wonderful adventures of his supposed mother as well as her high acquired station, was only exceeded by a strange amazement that filled his soul at discovering she was not his mother.

"God of mercy!" exclaimed he, when Amelia concluded, "who am I and for what strange destiny am I preserved? But to thee I yield myself. 'There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow,' and doubtless some wise end is to be answered by my sufferings."

"My beloved Florival," said Amelia, who seemed invigorated with hope, by the exclamation of the youth, "let us trust to the power that has hitherto protected us, for safety and deliverance, for doubtless we are his care."

The noble youth acquiesced in these sentiments cheerfully, and having received the permission of

Amelia resolved to make some inquiry of the Count of Algoronza. No opportunity offered, as the Moors were busied in preparing for their departure. The thick mists, common in the low countries, now began to rise as the gloom of night commenced its cheerless reign. The moon arose indeed, but attended by the dismal looking halo, which only added to the terror of the time. Dimly was she seen through the thick and clammy atmosphere, and not a star glowed in the firmament, in short it was a night calculated to cover the heart with that awful melancholy which was so forcibly depicted in the surrounding view, and suited the purpose of the infidels as it enabled them more securely to leave the harbour which it was dangerous to traverse in the day time.

The sails were now expanded, the sweeps of the corsair applied with gentle force, and she seemed to those on board to move with great rapidity. Amelia's heart sunk within her, at the prospect of slavery, but Florival comforted her with the hopes of a speedy deliverance.

As the Moor Alcanzor was now on deck, Florival took occasion to address the Count Algoronza.

"Your lordship will pardon me," said he, "that I presume to break in upon your sorrows; but we are both unfortunate, and sympathy for sufferings is, at all times, welcome."

"You are right, my young friend," replied the count, "I am unfortunate and gratefully accept your sympathy."

"Your pardon I must further request," proceeded the youth, "when I express the astonishment of the lady Amelia and myself at hearing you called Count of Algoronza."

"Indeed!" rejoined the count. "Is that title familiar to you? Have you ever heard before of the Count of Algoronza?"

"I have my lord," answered Florival, "and am acquainted with some circumstances of a dreadful nature respecting him and the unfortunate Marquis of Malventi."

"This is indeed fortunate," cried Algoronza. "Young sir, I am now the Count of Algoronza, being distantly related to the unfortunate nobleman you mention. It was the interest of Malventi that brought me from Spain. Be good enough to relate what you know concerning Malventi or Algoronza, and you shall know my intentions."

Florival now related as nearly in the words of Amelia as possible the story of Minda, which affected the count in a great degree, and when the youth concluded he said the wrongs of Malventi have indeed been great, but had he lived, they would all have been recompensed. "Know, young sir, that Don Gomez, the father of Isabella, has succeeded to the crown of Castile, that the outlawry of Malventi has been revoked, and that I am ambassador from his father-in-law, the king, to conduct him to court. But since he is no more and has left no issue, his honours and estates devolve to his lawful wife, the humble but virtuous Minda. And should I be so fortunate as to regain my liberty I will be the bearer of this pleasing news. I doubt not but her marriage can be proved."

"Easily, I believe," replied Florival, "by Count Altenheim."

Here was indeed a reverse of fortune to Minda, but Florival knew it would be unwelcome news to her. He however did not express himself so to the count, but contented himself by mentioning his astonishment and wonder at the change that had taken place. The communication between Algoronza, Amelia and Florival, was now continued every day uninterrupted by the Moor who treated his prisoners

with the greatest humanity and respect. Florival informed the count how they came into their unfortunate situation, and at the request of Amelia the next evening was appointed for the perusal of the scroll that had been found by Amelia near the body of Pandolfo in the dungeon.

Alcanzor now came into the cabin and told the prisoners that as they were now clear of the channel they were at liberty to enjoy the breezes of the ocean upon the deck, whenever they thought proper. This was agreeable news to the whole, for the confined constructions of the cabin, as well as the number in it, rendered it close and uncomfortable in being constantly confined there.

The evening was now come that was to witness the elucidation of new mysteries, and Algoronza, Amelia and Florival had taken their situation on deck, near a lantern, the youth with the scroll in his hand. He had opened it, and was proceeding to the perusal when one of the crew cried out a sail!

This struck every one like thunder. Each was agitated by different emotions. Some with hope and expectation, others with fear and apprehension particularly the Moors themselves, who finding they were in the bay of Biscay, were fearful of meeting with a French or Spanish felucca.—Alcanzor was the only one that remained firm. Instead of bearing away, he stood immediately for the vessel and about ten o'clock came within hail.

A gun from the vessel immediately gave the signal for the Turk to heave too, which he did and discovered himself along side a large ship. What was his chagrin, upon hailing her, to discover her to be a Spanish cruiser. Alcanzor was now hailed in return and boldly answered that he was a Moorish corsair, and turning to his crew, he cried:

"What is your resolve, my brave countrymen? say but the word and we will rush to death or victory."

They had not much time for thought for the Spaniards began the action by a broadside which shattered the corsair very much. The Moors now lashed their vessel to the ship and instantly boarded. During the conflict Algoronza conveyed Amelia into the cabin of the frigate as well as all the other prisoners. They were then provided with weapons and rushed into the thickest of the fight. Twice did Florival encounter Alcanzor and as often forbear to attack him. The action had now lasted two hours but was evidently going against the Moors; Alcanzor perceived this and commanded his men to retire to the galley. This order was no sooner given than they began to retreat. Florival at the head of a few Spaniards, burning to signalize himself, pursued them. They were no sooner on board than they cut the lashings of the vessels immediately separated. Part of the Moors instantly hoisted sail and applied their sweeps, while Florival and his few men continued to deal destruction round them, firmly persuaded that the corsair was still lashed to the ship. Finding at length no assistance and their number decreasing continually, and being told that the vessels had parted and that they were prisoners, astonishment disarmed them.

They were all secured and manacled except Florival, whom Alcanzor commanded the Moors to release, for his bravery and generosity to him.

"Twice," said he, "I was in his power, and twice he saved my life; release him."

"'Twas your previous humanity that saved you," said Florival, "and not the justice of your cause. But come lead me again to my prison."

What were now the sensations of Florival. Again he was a prisoner; but this bitter truth was in some measure edulcorated by the idea, that Amelia was free and under the protection of a nobleman who

would, he doubted not, restore her to the arms of Count Altenheim.

In the morning, nothing of the Spaniard was to be seen, and Florival giving himself up for lost was resolved to bear his fate with that fortitude which had hitherto marked his character. He now began to trace in his mind the scenes he should have to pass through and the misfortunes he should be forced to undergo. He saw himself sold to the merciless Mahometans; he saw them chaining him and lashing him

With stripes, which Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast;

he beheld the cruel keeper urging him to greater labour than he was able to support, and enforcing his commands with threatenings and blows. But Amelia was free, in rescuing her, he had become a slave and he thought he gained by the exchange. In fact there was nothing he would not have undergone to have procured her liberty; it was for her that he felt afflicted, and now he was convinced she would not have to suffer from the inhuman Turks, and most probably be forced into the séraglio of some unfeeling Moor, he felt his heart at ease, and was prepared to encounter the greatest difficulties. He was shown into a room in the cabin which was to be his until their arrival in Africa, and being overcome by exertion and fatigue, threw himself upon his mattress to take a little repose. As he laid down a scroll fell from a folding in his robe which he discovered to be the parchment that his Amelia had found and secured in the dungeon. This gave his thoughts a new turn, and the story of Minda immediately recurred to his memory.

"Not her son?" said the amiable youth, "and brought to her in so mysterious a manner? 'Tis very strange. Perhaps I am the hated offspring of illicit

love! ha! it must be so. A noble villain was my father, and to conceal the shame, I was to have been murdered, but that the mercy of a cut throat spared me and placed me under the protection of the best of women. Well, I am guiltless, and while I carry here an uncorrupted heart, mothers may forsake and cruel fathers attempt to murder, but there is a parent in the skies who never abandons his creatures and who wards the poniard from the innocent bosom."

Though the idea had taken transient possession of his mind, it did not long remain there, for he deemed it improbable, that were he the son of infamy, so much mystery with regard to the inquiry concerning his birth, which Minda had promised not to make, would not have been observed.

"Perhaps," said he, "and there is surely an unknown power that actuates my heart, perhaps this scroll may tend to elucidate the mystery; perhaps here I may discover some faint traces of my birth. "Lie there," continued he, putting the parchment into his bosom, "and at a convenient season I will peruse thee."

He then laid down again and soon fell into a refreshing slumber.

Let us now for a short time return to the frigate and the fugitives which she had received on board, from the piratical Turk. Nothing could equal the grief of Amelia on discovering that the brave and gallant Florival was no where to be seen. In vain did Algoronza endeavour to dispel her grief, she called on the name of the youth, and had she not been prevented, would have precipitated herself into the sea.

"He is gone," she cried, "and after having for my sake suffered so much, he is at last murdered by the fury of an enraged robber!"

"We may at least hope he lives," said Algoronza, "though 'tis probable he is a prisoner. At the head

of several more he chased the Moors on board their galley, which soon after parted from the ship, and bore them from us. But moderate your grief, madam, for if wealth can ransom him, the brave youth shall not want a friend that can bestow it, while Algoronza is alive. Then suffer me to chase away these sorrows and anticipate happiness hereafter. Remember that you are returning to cheer the bosom of an affectionate father, who bitterly mourns your absence, and who, doubtless, will rejoice at your return."

"Ah!" replied Amelia, "many a pang have the afflictions which I know he has experienced given me. He was the best of fathers. But had Florival returned, his joy would have been greater, and my happiness have been insured for ever."

Algoronza now informed Amelia that as the ambassador of Don Gomez, King of Castile, he had ordered the frigate to convey them into Holland, from whence they could be conveyed immediately to Altenham. Amelia could not but enjoy great satisfaction in the prospect of her return to the embraces of Ferdinand, to relieve the anxieties which she knew the fond father must have experienced on her account. But what would be his astonishment and rage, upon discovering to whom he owed his daughter's absence and his own afflictions.

Amelia shuddered while she revolved in her mind the consequences of this discovery. She knew her father's fiery disposition and dreaded that he would either take immediate vengeance upon Pandolfo, or lay the circumstance before the emperor and demand satisfaction by a single encounter with the traitorous prince; for these were the days of chivalry: These she equally dreaded, as in either case the life of her father was endangered.

Full of these reflections, which, with her afflictions for the fate of her beloved, regretted Florival, who was torn from her at the moment when fortune.

seemed most inclined to smile upon their affections, constantly occupied her mind, the days rolled away uncounted, and she was surprised when, one evening, Algoronza came into the cabin and informed her that her perils were nearly passed, for the misty lands of Holland began to rise upon their view. The day after this, they made the port in safety, and Algoronza, having returned their sincere and grateful thanks to Don Manuel, the commander of the frigate, landed with his fair charge, and immediately began to prepare for their departure for the castle of Count Ferdinand. As the train of Algoronza was likewise rescued by the frigate, a carriage was prepared and they set out well guarded, and attended by a guide, who promised to conduct them by the nearest route and to reach Altenheim in four or five days. The travelling was very unpleasant, but from the different feelings that agitated her bosom, Amelia had little time to consider the mode of travelling. Algoronza perceived the emotions of hope, joy, anxiety and expectation that were depicted in her countenance, and forbore to interrupt her. Nothing could have been more tender or noble, than the attention which the count paid to Amelia. Whenever night obliged them to alight, two or three of his vassals guarded her slumbers and prevented her safety from being endangered.

It was on the evening of the fifth day of their journey, that Amelia perceived the dear place of her nativity break upon her view, and the sight so overcame her with joy that she was near fainting until a flood of tears relieved her.

"Dear, delightful spot," exclaimed she, "how my bosom glows at my return. Welcome, dear place of my nativity, the rude forests that have often filled my breast with terror seem to smile, and your huge rocks unbend their towering brows at my approach.

Welcome, home, to which the fairest paradise of earth is but a cheerless desert."

A smile glistened through a tear that trembled in her eyes, as she thus expressed her feelings; but when she drew near the cottage of Minda, her transports were unbounded. She could not contain them. She commanded the coachman to stop opposite the door, and in a moment the latchet of Minda's cottage was in her hand. Algoronza followed her. She entered, was clasped to the bosom of the good old woman, and nothing could be heard for some time but the sobs of Minda and the exclamation of Amelia of "My dear Minda, my dear Minda!"

Algoronza could not behold this sight unmoved, and he dashed a tear from his cheek, as Amelia turned and introduced him as the Count of Algoronza. The surprize of Minda, as it might be supposed, was great, but how was it increased when he informed her that his visit was principally to her. She, however, forbore any inquiry on the subject for that time, so anxious was she to hear the relation of Amelia.

"But where is my Florival?" demanded she, "for we have heard you were together."

She then informed Amelia of the arrival of Bertha at the castle and the information she gave concerning them, together with the effect it had upon the count.

"I am so impatient to embrace my father, my dear Minda," said Amelia, "that I have not time now to relate the afflicting and wonderful tale. But this much I know, that Florival is guiltless, and that he, as well as myself, owes his misfortunes and absence to the scheming villany of Montaldo."

Minda made no reply, but raised her hands in silent devotion, and returned thanks to heaven, that her dear Florival was alive, and guiltless of the foul actions laid to his charge.

Amelia now requested her to accompany them to Altenheim, which she readily agreed to, and seating themselves in the carriage they were soon in sight of the turrets of the castle. Amelia's heart beat high as the carriage entered the court and she saw the servants hastening to learn who it was. Algoronza alighted and requested to be announced, which was no sooner done, than he was ushered into the presence of the mourning Ferdinand. He little dreamt that happiness was so near, but scarcely had the count begun to develope the truth, when the shouts of the vassals announced it, and in the next moment he enfolded his long lost daughter in rapture to his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

It would be in vain for us to attempt a description of the feelings of Altenheim on thus unexpectedly having his daughter, his beloved, lamented daughter, restored to his arms. Again and again he pressed her to his heart and again the tears chased each other down his cheeks. He did not blush for them, his noble heart was affected with those feelings which ennoble nature, and the tear of honest joy, or the genial dew that falls in sympathy for the sufferings of a fellow creature, shines with greater splendour than the gems that illuminate the caverns of Golconda.

"No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that, twinkling, hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks,
For other's woes, down virtue's manly cheeks."

The torrent of feeling having now, in some measure subsided, Altenheim was in a situation to listen to the story of his daughter's misfortunes. If he was astonished at the return of Amelia, our readers will doubtless believe that he was no less so, on finding how much he had wronged Florival, and to what extent the villainy of Montaldo had been carried.

"Noble, generous youth," cried he, when Amelia concluded, "how have I wronged you: but I hope I shall yet live to make you reparation. No exertion shall

be spared to procure your liberation, and he who has so nobly protected Amelia shall then have a better title to protect her."

"As to the liberation of that noble youth, my lord," said Algoronza, "I take that upon myself; but if my observation has not deceived me, you alone have it in your power to reward him as he deserves."

Amelia understood the count and blushed, then turning to her father requested to know if Pandolfo had been at Altenheim since her absence. Altenheim informed her of the circumstances that had taken place, and declared his determination of bringing Montaldo to an early and a dear account for his attempt upon the honour of his house. This was what Amelia dreaded, and she used all her eloquence as did Algoronza, to persuade him to forego his determination, but in vain. They then endeavoured to obtain a promise that he would refer the case to the emperor, which he refused most strenuously, urging the stain it would be upon the honour of his house, if he referred a decision of this nature to the supreme authority.

"But my lord," said he to Algoronza, "I pray you to satisfy my curiosity, I have before known much of a Count of Algoronza, suffer me then to inquire from you, if you are descended from the same person."

"From what I have heard, my lord," replied Algoronza, "from Florival, I am the heir of that unfortunate nobleman to whom you refer."

The count then informed Altenheim of the circumstances that had transpired in Spain and of his intentions in coming into the north. Altenheim's joy on hearing of the good fortune of Minda was almost equal to what he experienced at the return of his daughter. Minda felt little elevated at the bright prospects before her, since Florival was not in a situation to share them with her. She however thought

it her duty to accept them, and now informed Altenheim of the mystery which enveloped the birth of her charge.

"He is not the offspring of Malventi," cried Altenheim. "I am happy indeed, in that, for, pardon me count, and you, my dear Minda, whom I am happy to be the first in styling the Marchioness of Malventi, but I should not like to unite my daughter to the son of a man who died in putting the laws of his country to open defiance."

After conversing for some time on the various circumstances that had occurred and the unfortunate situation of Florival, concerning whom Altenheim could not find terms to express his encomiums, it was agreed that Algoronza should take upon himself to procure the emancipation at any ransom, and that he should proceed to effect it as soon as the business of his sovereign was dismissed.

"Which in brief," said Algoronza, "is this. That Malventi, or in case of his death or disappearance, his heir should, if discovered, be conducted to Spain, to be restored to the estates and honours of the injured marquis, and receive that respect and consideration at court, which his rank and the merits of his house had received until the unfortunate circumstance that led to his outlawry. My king is extremely sorry for, and sincerely repents the share he had in the persecution of Malventi, and is anxious for nothing so much as to show his sorrow and repentance to the injured."

Altenheim now requested Algoronza to consider the castle as his own, and gave orders for the preparation of a chamber for his guest, as well as lodging for his train. Once more the fond father pressed his recovering daughter to his bosom, imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and bidding her good night retired with the count.

Amelia was now conducted to her chamber by Editha, followed by Minda, whom Amelia insisted should pass the night with her. After Amelia had reached her room, the talkative old governess could not be dismissed until the maid had related every circumstance over again, to satisfy her insatiable curiosity. During the recital Editha expressed her feelings by her gestures and expressions, not forgetting to pass some pretty severe remarks upon Pandolfo. She was at last satisfied and recommending Amelia to the protection of St. Lucia, she left the chamber. The maid and Minda now retired. For some time did the thoughts of Florival keep sleep from the eyes of Amelia, but at length her feelings gave way to weariness and she sunk into a profound sleep.

Once more let us return to the mancipated Florival, and pursue his fortune for a while. We left him just discovering that, amid the tumult of the battle, the momentous scroll, which had been discovered near the skeleton of old Pandolfo had been preserved. They had now sailed for several successive days without meeting a single vessel of any description and Alcanzor declared his expectation of reaching Africa in safety. It was one night when the Moors had set their watch and all except those who were to conduct the corsair until morning, had retired, that Florival having procured permission to remain up, for the purpose of perusing the scroll which was in his possession took a light and seating himself in the cabin, opened the parchment, and read as follows:

MEMOIR OF THE UNHAPPY D'ARIN-
HAULT, PRINCE PANDOLFO.

"Confined in the loathsome dungeons of one of my own castles, I have no instrument to pen my history with, but a small stick, nor ink to stain this parchment, with an account of the most horrid murder that ever disgraced humanity, except the blood which I have let flow from my eyes. Let not the reader, therefore, start at its crimson appearance nor murmur against the dead if it should be scarcely intelligible. Should my murderers be the first to enter my dungeon, doubtless, this scroll may be consigned to oblivion, but should, fortunately, a friend to innocence discover it, let it be perused and conveyed to Ferdinand, Count Altenheim, who will revenge the dead, and bring upon the ungrateful Montaldo the reward he merits.

"That a stranger may know by what ties Montaldo should have been bound to me, let me relate the circumstance which placed him under my protection."

Here followed the discovery of Montaldo in the wood and his reception with the prince, together with the account of the murder of the son of Pandolfo, which, as the reader has already heard them from Count Altenheim, it will be unnecessary to relate here. Florival paused after he had read thus far, and seemed immersed in deep thought. Could it be possible that he was that son, perhaps miraculously preserved, although believed to be dead. He seemed elevated at the idea, and he already meditated an awful retribution for Montaldo, for he immediately conjectured that he was the murderer. But alas! he was a slave. He now perused the manuscript

more attentively, anxiously expecting some clue to guide him in the discovery of his birth. The scroll proceeded thus :

"It was wonderful indeed, that a mere infant should plant revenge so deeply in the heart as to lead the possessor to effect his life, but the appearance of Montaldo justified his protestations. Ah! had I then discovered the secret viper that was pouring his flattering poison into my ear while plotting the downfall of my house I had been comparatively happy and not now the unbefriended victim to ingratitude and blood.

"No one but a father can conjecture my feelings at this awful moment, nor any one but a father can conceive the paternal love I was continually exemplifying for Montaldo. My boy was lost, I had no issue, and Montaldo once more became my heir. Nothing could equal the grateful kindnesses, which the adopted D'Arinhault lavished upon me, and pleased with the supposed virtues of my new son, after some time the afflictive remembrance of past deeds subsided, and I began again to enjoy content.

"A year has now past since Huberto, a faithful servant who had been years in my family requested a private audience, and then informed me that Montaldo, my adopted son, he who owed to me his life and exaltation, to whom I had given my heart, the earnest of my honours, had endeavoured to engage him in an attempt to murder me! Would I had listened to him, I had then been secure; but I disbelieved him, not thinking Montaldo capable of such black ingratitude, and am now the victim of my incredulity.

"O! dark ingratitude, how every nobler feeling is absorbed by thy infernal agency. Like the dews of the morning evaporating before the fervour of the sun, dost thou suck the heaven born virtues that

should surround the heart! All other crimes are light to thee, hidra of guilt, for thou art the father of all crimes that exist upon the earth.

"So strong was my resentment against Huberto, for what I thought his false accusation of Montaldo, that I threatened, if he persisted in his stubborn falsehood, to confront him with my son.—Alas! alas! my son was no more! pardon, gentle reader, that the thread of my story is thus broken, but when I remember the son I have adopted in his place, my feelings are too acute to be contained. But he is gone! once before in infancy, I had nearly lost him, when in the chase my erring arrow pierced his breast."—Here Florival started and thrusting his arm into his bosom, exclaimed:

"'Tis here; 'tis here! Can it be possible that I am the son of the injured, good Pandolfo? Yes I feel it in my soul! these tears that rise, are produced by filial instinct, and fall upon the memoir of a murdered father! Bloody, remorseless villain! If ever we should meet, Montaldo, a father's murder and Amelia's wrongs thou shalt dearly answer for!"

Again the youth felt the scar in his breast, and was fully convinced that it was caused by the weapon which the dead prince had described. His whole soul now melted in filial love, and the tears ran copiously down his cheeks; again and again he kissed the manuscript that was written in a father's blood, and he was convinced from the violence of his feelings, if he had no other proof, that he was the offspring of Pandolfo. Again he cursed Montaldo, and vowed, if ever he regained his liberty, to bring the heaviest vengeance upon his head. He now continued the manuscript which ran as follows:

"To this Huberto only replied;—'Do, my lord, and if damned guilt has not made him proof against shame, I will confound him.' Montaldo entered as

Huberto spoke this. He started when he beheld the vassal with me and seemed much disturbed. This indeed conveyed some suspicion to my mind, but his subsequent asseverations entirely banished it. I now informed him of what Huberto had advanced; admirable dissembler! he never started, but turning to Huberto, he said with a scornful smile:

"I pardon thee, Huberto, and pity the petty malignity that urged thee to this act, though I despise the utmost of thy malice. My lord," continued he falling upon my bosom, "I were indeed a monster of ingratitude, could I for a moment harbour aught against your peace, much less your life!

Overcome by the manner of Montaldo, I bade him dismiss his fears, for that I had disbelieved it from the first and needed no proof to convince me of the improbability of such an accusation; then turning to Huberto, I commanded him to leave the castle and never again appear in my presence, under penalty of the severest punishment. As this faithful domestic left the room and me forever, he said, while sorrow almost choked his utterance:

"Adieu, my lord, Heaven guard you from the machinations of a monster!"

I was nearly suffocated with rage, but Montaldo only cast on him a look of supercilious contempt mingled with a smile of triumph, and again embracing me blessed the happy chance that brought him in to confute the designs of the villanous Huberto. I again renewed my protestations of love, and parted from the dissembling monster with feelings not to be described. I conceived him to be the paragon of excellence, blest the happy, the blissful hour that led me to discover him in the wood, I felt shocked at the villany of Huberto, and yet wondered how he could so suddenly become a wretch, as he had lived in the castle as the servant of Montaldo, from a few days after my discovery of the ungrateful foundling.

Nearly a year had now elapsed, during which time Montaldo received the greatest paternal regard from me and had treated me with the most grateful affections in return, when one day, he requested me to accompany him to Altenheim, as he ardently desired an introduction to Amelia, the daughter of my friend, to whom he had been betrothed in infancy.

To this I consented, and accompanied only by Geraldo and Gaspard, two villains who were attendants at the castle, we set out. As we proceeded, Montaldo became gloomy and reserved, and ere we had reached this castle, his stubborn silence led me to suspect his intentions and revert to the warning of Huberto. By the time we reached this melancholy place the torrents of rain which began to fall, compelled us to seek for shelter in its dreary chambers. When we entered the hall, the cheerfulness of Montaldo returned, and he discoursed with great vivacity on the prospect of his union with the heiress of Altenheim. After some time he expressed a wish to explore the interior of the castle, and accordingly, having prepared lights, Geraldo having the necessary apparatus about him, we ascended to the upper chambers of the building. Montaldo expressed his pleasure at beholding the gothic grandeur of the architecture, but when we descended to the dungeons, declaimed vehemently against the tyrannical cruelty that invented those cages of horror, in which many a victim to injustice, malice, and revenge, had been immured and suffered to expire by the lingering torments of hunger and thirst, buried in continual night and one cold season pervading for ever his dreary abode.

Consummate hypocrite! little did I imagine that he intended such a fate for me; little did I imagine that he whom I had rescued from destruction, he to whom I had given my heart, my honours and my

fortune, would fulfil the prediction of Huberto and prove to be indeed a monster! But the sequel of this bloody memoir will show how I was deceived, how I had wronged Huberto.

As we passed from one part of these subterranean prisons to another, all which Montaldo failed not to vituperate in the most strenuous manner: I was explaining to the traitor the train of conduct I wished him to pursue with regard to Amelia, and after my death, which could not, from my advanced age, be far distant. Alas! alas! I did not expect it was so near. We now descended a pair of stairs, at the bottom of which was a door, strongly barred. He commanded Geraldo to open it, which he accomplished with some difficulty, and a stream of warm air issued thence, which almost overcame us, and nearly extinguished our lights. I was so overpowered that it was some moments before I thoroughly recovered my faculties, and when I did, upon casting my eyes upon Montaldo, I was almost as much affected by a freezing horror that thrilled through every vein. I scarcely knew him, so complete a metamorphose had his visage undergone. A terrible frown had settled on his brow, his eyes beamed forth such a flame of furious malice, and his teeth knashed so horribly, that one might have thought that some fiend had infused his direful spirit into his bosom. For some moments did I gaze on him in silent wonder; indeed, my tongue refused to utter a word. At length, however, my horror in some measure, subsided and I ventured to approach him; but he receded from me, and drawing his sword, threatened death if I approached.

"Montaldo," cried I, "what dost thou mean by these menaces of death? My son, why so suddenly has your visage assumed this dreadful aspect! dismiss

these looks I pray you, for they fill me with a strange and unaccountable horror!"

He looked at me for a few moments and now indeed the fury beamed from his eyes. I cannot portray his looks, language fails me when I attempt to describe it. Let the fancy of the reader, therefore, imagine he beholds one of the demons of revenge and cruelty, about to commit a crime of the darkest ingratitude, and he will form some idea of the appearance of Montaldo.

He looked at me for some moments, and then, with a frantic smile, and in hollow accents exclaimed:

"Huberto!"

"What of him?" said I, "why should the thought of him now disturb you?"

"He is dead!" continued he.

"Dead! dead!" reiterated I, "and by whose guilty hands? Was it not enough that he was banished from my castle, but must death pursue him? I hope he fell not by your hand, Montaldo!"

"By my command, prince," answered he. "Nay never start, you do not know me: think you, I could pass the stain he cast upon my honour? think you the paltry punishment of dismissal from your service could satiate the vengeance of Montaldo's bosom? I say again you have not known me, prince; Geraldo overtook the traitor near the convent of Saint Lucia, and his keen dagger revenged his master's honour."

"Honour!" exclaimed I, "detested homicide! could your honour be satisfied by the murder of a fellow creature? Unhappy Huberto!"

"My revenge, at least, was gratified!" cried the fiend in human shape, "and now I am certain he can never betray the secrets of another master!"

"Betray!" exclaimed I, a thought like lightening flashing through my mind, "betrayed! did he indeed,

then, the unfortunate Huberto spake the truth; and has he perished for his fidelity to me!"

"He has!" cried Montaldo, "for the truth he perished! I say again, you have not known me, prince; I have lived in a state of profound dissimulation, and while you caressed me, you thought not that you were caressing the destroyer of your house! When you clasped me to your bosom, you little imagined that you were embracing the murderer of your son!"

CHAPTER XII.

You can judge, gentle reader, what were my feelings when Montaldo thus owned himself the assassin of my child. I gazed on him for some moments in a kind of horrid wonder, while he proceeded as follows:

"Yes, prince, I am the murderer of your son. Nay more, he who disclosed to you my designs upon your life was an accomplice in that cursed design. Geraldo and Gaspard, assisted by the traitorous Huberto, despatched him on the fatal day in which we sought the wood; while I pierced my own arm to give credence to the deceit. Now, prince, you know me. I know that you abhor me; your looks are piercing to my soul, therefore I cannot bear them and you must die!"

I had not yet sufficiently recovered myself to speak to the ungrateful wretch, and my eyes were still bent on him with a vacant stare. He shrunk from my view and seemed tortured by contending passions. Though I had so much cause to abhor Montaldo, I still felt disposed to pardon him; and, thinking this a good opportunity to work upon his feelings, I portrayed the enormity of his guilt in all the cogent reasoning of truth, and conjured him not to shut the gates of mercy entirely against his soul. I promised him not only my pardon for his attempt upon my life, but also to pardon the murder of my darling boy. Advised him to fly from his guilt and pursue the paths of virtue, for that sooner or later, Heaven never forgot to bring the hour of retribution.

This, instead of operating as it should have done, only served to heighten his rage.

"Prince!" he cried with increased vehemence, "You urge in vain, think you I could bear your forgiveness? No, your smiles of approbation would be to me the mockery of hell! Your frowns, your curses, prince, would be more welcome. Pardon for Montaldo! ha! ha! ha! There, Lord D'Arinhault, is your sepulchre!" pointing to the dungeon, "there you are doomed to live till famine wear you to a lifeless skeleton! In, in, and calm this sea of misery!"

Pity me, O! thou, who readest this account of the bloodiest deed that ever disgraced human nature. Conceive the horror of my feelings at the prospect of being buried alive, and by the wretch whom my kindness had rescued from the grave! Conceive, then, for my pen is inadequate to the description.

But the awful moment was now come: and with the demoniac fury of a fiend, Montaldo commanded me to pass into the dungeon. I attempted to remonstrate, and again portrayed the atrocity of his guilt and the dreadful retribution that would here or hereafter overtake him. But in vain, nay, while I was yet speaking the monster thrust me through the doorway and, as I fell, his sword pierced my side. The door closed, the bolts and bars were fixed immovably, and the once potent Prince Pandolfo was consigned alive to a horrible tomb!"

Here the scroll fell from the hand of Florival, his limbs trembled and a cold sweat bedewed his shivering frame. His feelings cannot be described, but his looks fully bespoke them. Never before had he perused a recital of so diabolical a deed, and when he considered that probably it was his father who had perished, his furious passion vented itself in declarations of dreadful vengeance on the ungrateful Montaldo. But no, Montaldo had acknowledged himself

the murderer of the unhappy son of Pandolfo, then he could not be the same. Doubtless the villain had seen the poniards of his bravoes buried in the infant's bosom, and hopes of discovering himself now vanished from the bosom of the youth. And yet what could urge the hatred of Montaldo but this circumstance? Could it be that he had discovered the son of his murdered benefactor in the vassal of Count Altenheim, and wished to destroy him? The most probable idea, however, he conceived to be, that the affection which Amelia had discovered for him was the cause of Montaldo's hatred, and that he determined to destroy him in order to remove the greatest obstacle to his designs upon the unfortunate maid. This, indeed appeared the most solid reason the youth could bring for his imprisonment, and as such he adopted it.

What a terrible secret he should have to relate to Count Altenheim, should Heaven once conduct him to the hospitable mansion of his benefactor and the maternal embraces of the Marchioness of Malventi. The feelings of Florival having in some measure subsided, he again took up the manuscript and read as follows, while tears involuntarily traced each other down his cheeks:

"If thou hast a heart to pity the miseries of another, how will thy soul weep tears of blood at what concludes this lamentable story. I now have been six cheerless days in this miserable dungeon, without tasting food or having a drop of water to cool my parching thirst. My arm grows nerveless; I can scarcely intelligibly trace these bloody characters; I feel the cold embrace of death commencing; the vital warmth recedes; my pulse flutters; the lamp of life quivers in the socket and must shortly be extinct; my eyes are red from the fever of my brain.

Here closed this direful relation, which Florival

could scarcely decipher, the more particularly, as it was written across other composition, since the unfortunate prince was of necessity obliged to use whatever he chanced to have about him for the purpose of relating his afflicting story: and most probably, as he wrote the last word, the instrument fell from the hand of the unfortunate victim of savage cruelty and relentless ambition, and the noble, generous Pandolfo expired! The feelings of Florival again overcame him and again the parchment fell from his hand. For some time he looked at the dreadful scroll, then seized it to peruse again the concluding paragraph. He opened it and having further unrolled it, he was surprised to find a communication written apparently with ink attached to it with thread. After his astonishment subsided he read as follows:

"Reader, after thy horror, and amazement at the recital of the hapless Prince Pandolfo, have, in some measure, ceased, bestow a few moments on the story of Huberto, for Huberto is alive!"

Here was a new motive for wonder, and Florival was so astonished, that for some time he found himself unable to proceed; which, when he did, every word increased his wonder, hope and expectation.

"That the unhappy Huberto is alive after what you have perused above appears wonderful. But let me regularly proceed the more particularly, as I am in hopes this manuscript will be conducted by overruling justice, into the hands of Count Altenheim, through some powerful advocate for virtue and humanity, to whom I should myself have delivered it, agreeably to the request of the dead, together with what follows, but that I feared it might be received with contempt as a fabrication by one who sought the ruin of Montaldo, without any cause.

"The daring valour, the checquered life and unfortunate death of the bandit Malventi, is probably

known to almost every inhabitant of the surrounding country; to his band did I unhappily belong. On the fatal night of his destruction, while blood and massacre were busy around her, did I snatch Malventi's infant from the embraces of his wife and fly from the fury of the encounter, resolved at least to save him. Alas! had I known for what I had preserved him, I would have been the first to plunge my poniard into his guiltless heart.

"A peasant not far from the scene of action received and gave me shelter, ignorant from whence I came and satisfied with my evasive answers to his inquiries. I was now secure, and the next day began to think what I should do with the child. No plan occurred to me that could be of possible advantage to him. A few days after as I wandered in the woods, with the boy in my arms, whom I never for a moment left, I heard the sounds of huntsmen. A thought immediately occurred. I placed the infant at the foot of a tree and mounted upon one of the highest branches, to observe what notice the hunters would take of him. Presently they appeared, with Prince Altenheim and Pandolfo at their head. The cries of the child attracted them, and judge of my joy and astonishment, when I found the determination of the prince was to take him and rear him as his own. With feelings which I cannot describe I saw the son of Malventi conveyed away, and in Montaldo, no doubt, the reader is prepared to recognize him. I loved the child with an unaccountable ardour, although the offspring of illicit intercourse, and could not bring my heart to part with him. I, accordingly, a few days after, went with the peasant who sheltered me, to the castle of the prince and offered myself as a servant in the castle or as an attendant upon the foundling, and in the last capacity was received. A few weeks after this the generous peasant died.

"I now lived happy for some time, but as the disposition of Montaldo began to expand, I discovered it consisted of ungovernable passion, savage cruelty, and profound dissimulation. He was now declared to be heir apparent to the titles and estates of Pandolfo, as there was no prospect of a lawful heir, the princess being in a poor state of health. However some years after, contrary to all expectation, the princess presented Prince D'Arinhault with a son. It was now I trembled for Montaldo. When I imparted the news to him, he was convulsed with a sudden passion. He knashed his teeth and exhibited the strongest emotions of malice and revenge.

"'What!' cried he to me, 'is this the end, Huberto, of all my towering hopes? Must I now sink into my original insignificance to make room for this upstart offspring of nobility? That I will not do, by Heaven. Nor will you, I think, Huberto, refuse to aid me in maintaining my dignity.'

"'My lord,' said I, 'I would do much to serve you, from the respect I bore your father and the love I have for you.'

"'My father!' replied he, 'did you know my father?'

"I now related to Montaldo the story of his birth, and the misfortunes of his father. He listened attentively and his soul seemed swelling, during the recital with various emotions. When I had concluded he burst into exclamations of rapture at his valour and the vengeance he inflicted upon his enemies.

"'And shall the offspring of Malventi,' cried he, 'be discarded thus? will you, Huberto, see me reduced to beggary and shame? me the son of your great leader, me who am an offspring of a Spanish nobleman? Never can you permit it, never will I submit to be coupled with dishonour!'

"Montaldo now partially opened his plans and at

length speaking more plainly, requested me to poison the new born prince! I shuddered with horror at this act of dark ingratitude, although I had been a robber, and requested Montaldo never to mention it again. Here the young villain ceased his importunities for the time, but seized every opportunity of working me to the commission of the dreadful crime; day after day, month after month was I solicited and threatened with my own ruin and the ruin of Malventi's offspring if I did not consent. During this period two villains, Gaspard and Geraldo, had found their way into the service of Montaldo and gained his confidence and esteem by their ferocious disposition and readiness to perform whatever he required. One day I overheard them planning with Montaldo the murder of the young prince.

Nothing could have exceeded my horror and astonishment, and actuated by the impulse of the moment, I hastened to inform Pandolfo. But reflection soon arrested me, should he disbelieve me, I was undone and should be obliged to leave the castle, leaving the infant exposed to the designs of Montaldo, and if he gave credit to my story the destruction of the son of Malventi was certain. Both I equally dreaded, yet was resolved to save the prince. How was this to be done? I hastened to Montaldo and after some conversation on the subject of his hopes and fears, I offered to remove the prince. The transports of the youth were unbounded and he now informed me of the plan which had been laid. He was to saunter in the wood with the young prince, we were to attack him and tear the infant from him, while he would wound his arm to give a colour to the story he intended to invent. I acceded to this though I trembled lest I should not succeed in saving the prince. At the appointed time, Geraldo, Gaspard and myself were at the spot and presently Montaldo appeared with the son of Pandolfo. We suffered him to enter

some distance into the wood and then we rushed upon him. The child was soon in our power and the blood flowed plentifully from the arms of Montaldo. We instantly fled and after retiring about a mile, we halted to determine what death the infant should die.

"'Twas now my part began, and I endeavoured to persuade the others of the enormity of the deed, but received only curses from Geraldo. Gaspard, however, listened attentively and appeared much affected by my words. The infant too, by his cries touched him deeply, and he at length proposed that the child's life should be saved, but that he should be placed some distance from the castle, and his birth kept a profound secret. Necessity obliged me to accept this, but Geraldo declared that he should die, and made towards him for the purpose of executing his threat, when Gaspard and myself drew our pistols and threatened him with instant death if he dared advance another step. Seeing it was in vain to oppose us he at last yielded, and Gaspard and myself took possession of the prince, while Geraldo went to deceive Montaldo by the story of his murder. We resolved that Geraldo should know nothing of his destiny as in that case his life would be still in danger. We secreted ourselves all day and at night set forth with the child having the miniature of his father wrapped up in some parchment, which I had placed there in hopes that it might lead to a discovery of his birth."

Florival was aroused, for thus had the miniature which Amelia had in her possession been found.

"About midnight," proceeded Huberto in his story, "we arrived at a cottage, after having travelled, we supposed, about twenty miles. We knocked, and after some time appeared Minda the venerable wife of the once proud Malventi. With her we left the child under the strictest injunctions of secrecy and departed. What was our astonishment on being met a few pa-

ces from the spot by Geraldo, who had followed us all the way. We now trembled for the prince again and would have taken him to some other shelter, but Geraldo swore he meant him no injury and if we would make the woman swear to commence no inquiry concerning his birth he never should be molested. This we did and all three departed for Dusseldorp immediately. The prince is still alive, and may be found in Florival the page of Altenheim.

"We returned to Dusseldorp, and together with Montaldo mourned with well dissembled sorrow the unhappy fate of the prince. Montaldo once more saw himself the heir of Pandolfo and seemed for some time completely happy; but as one crime ever produces another, from, as he supposed, murdering the son, he proceeded to conspire the death of the father also. His impatient ambition could not brook the delay of nature. The relation of that horrid transaction and the part I bore in it have been perused above, and it now remains for me to give an account of myself from the time of my departure from the castle. As Montaldo declared, one of the villains pursued and overtook me near the convent of Saint Lucia, whither I was hastening, resolved to shut myself for ever from the world, and atone by repentance and benevolence for the crimes I had committed. The villain attacked me and ere I was aware plunged a poniard into my bosom, I fell senseless as the infamous Geraldo fled. How long I lay I know not, but when I recovered my senses I found myself upon a bed in the convent and several persons, nuns and friars around me, anxiously waiting my recovery. During the continuance of my wound I was treated with the greatest humanity and attention, and when I recovered I made known my intention of joining their body. To the prior of the convent did I confess every action of my life, and from that Saint received the assurance that my repentance and pious

resignation would be rewarded by a pardon from a merciful God. In a short time I was in orders, and the prior being, soon after, taken to the realms of felicity in the skies, I was chosen prior to Saint Lucia."

"Mysterious Providence!" exclaimed Florival, as he read the last sentence, "how fathomless are thy ways? The reverend Kartholo, Huberto, and the witness of my birth!" The youth now proceeded:

"In the convent did I live happy, beloved and respected, and when the news arrived of the death of Prince Pandolfo and the accession of Montaldo to his estates, I feared some foul play. Count Altenheim informed me before, of the intended marriage of Amelia and Montaldo."

All was now developed, the mystery of the spectre was solved and Florival found the saviour of his Amelia in the "mysterious monk."

"At Dusseldorp," proceeded Huberto, in the manuscript, "I learned enough to convince me that the prince had been murdered, but in returning to Altenheim I entered this dungeon by means of a private entrance under ground, which opens at the front of the castle, and here I discovered his body, together with the sad story which he wrote in blood. This relation I should have made to Count Altenheim, but for the reasons expressed in the beginning of this recital, and am now ready, should Heaven direct this parchment into the possession of some powerful advocate, to assert the truth at the hazard of my life."

Here the story of Huberto concluded, and Florival remained some moments wrapped in silent astonishment, at length the wrongs of his master rushed forcibly on his mind, and he cursed the slavery that prevented him from immediately, hurling his vengeance upon Montaldo. He folded up the parchment, and placed it carefully in his bosom, and now, for the first time heard the confusion that was on deck, on account of the violence of the tempest, that began during the

time that so absorbed his soul in reading. He rushed up and found the vessel in a very precarious situation, and one of those dreadful storms increasing fast, for which the Bay of Biscay is so notorious. Presently the masts went over the side and the shattered condition of the bark was but the forerunner to her utter destruction. Presently she began to sink and the shrieks of the dying added each to the anguish of the other. Florival was standing on the stern, when she bilged, and more intent to save others than himself, he was suddenly washed into the ocean, by the sea breaking over the galley.

CHAPTER XIII.

Nothing could shake the determination of Altenheim, he persisted in his intention and accordingly despatched a messenger to Pandolfo, upbraiding him with his perfidy and demanded the satisfaction due to the injured feelings of a knight for his attempt against the honor of the house of Altenheim. He lamented the necessity that compelled him, in the evening of his days, to lift his sword against one recommended to him by the dearest ties of friendship, but also lamented the deception under which the dead Pandolfo laboured under when he made Montaldo his heir.

D'Arinhault received the messenger, while he was deeply pondering how he should extricate himself from the dangerous and unpleasant situation into which his villainy had betrayed him. He perused the letter again and again. He first seemed to be somewhat alarmed, but suddenly starting up, he struck his forehead as if some thought had just that moment seized his mind, then turning to the herald of Altenheim.

"Tell your lord," said he, "that the Prince Pandolfo never shrunk from danger yet, and tell him too, that two weeks hence he may expect me at Altenheim to give him the satisfaction he requires."

So saying he ordered the messenger to leave his palace without refreshment, commanding all his servants to retire except Gaspard and Geraldo, he thus addressed them.

"Your stupidity and inattention have brought me into dangers which I have been studiously endeavouring to free myself from. A way has at last presented itself unsought, Altenheim has demanded satisfaction for the injuries I have done and those I intend doing him. This I have accepted, the hoary knight must sink beneath my youthful vigour, then I am acquitted to the world and Amelia is left unprotected at my mercy."

The villains highly applauded this resolution, and Montaldo retired with savage satisfaction to think upon the best method of insuring success. Another object also filled his bosom. He had heard of the arrival of Algoronza and the restoration of the titles and the estates of his father to Minda, who was now the Marchioness of Malventi. These he also resolved to obtain, and for this purpose resolved upon the death of the marchioness. The day now arrived and accompanied by Geraldo and Gaspard, Montaldo set out for the castle of Altenheim, and on the way opened to his worthy companions the intention he conceived of murdering the Marchioness of Malventi, as she was not only a proof that Gaspard and Geraldo had placed the young prince, though unknown to her, under her protection, but also stood between him and the dignity of a Spanish nobleman. These precious villains entered cordially into the intention of their master, and readily undertook to perform the task.

They now reached the castle and were ushered into the hall, where Montaldo was met by Altenheim, Algoronza, the Marchioness and Amelia. He was not sufficiently hardened in crimes, to meet the injured undisturbed. He shrunk from their presence, but at length, resuming courage, he bowed to the ladies and then addressing Altenheim, he said:

"Without inquiring into the motives of your extraordinary letter, Count Ferdinand, I am here to

meet its demands on to-morrow ; till then I claim the hospitality of your roof, and that treatment which is due to a true knight."

"Till to-morrow we are friends," answered Altenheim, "then, Montaldo, we are deadly foes. Let a chamber be prepared," continued he to the lady Amelia, "for the prince, and see that his attendants experience a friendly treatment.

These things were soon prepared, and after dining together, Altenheim retired to consult with Algoronza, Pandolfo and his villains, to their chamber; and Amelia and the marchioness to lament the danger to which Altenheim was determined to expose himself, although Algoronza insisted upon avenging his injuries, being more in the vigour of his youth and of course more able to meet the youthful fury of Montaldo.

Scarcely had Pandolfo and his assassins entered and fastened their chamber when Geraldo said he discovered where the marchioness slept, in the most distant part of a long passage that led to the back part of the castle and that her windows looked into the garden. Through these they intended to enter and smother her, provided they could do it with so much secrecy as not to arouse Algoronza and some of his attendants who lodged in the next chamber. Montaldo was well pleased with their plan and ensured their success. It would be easy to mount the window and smother her without the least noise, and her being found dead in the morning, would not throw half the suspicion on him as for them to assassinate her with their poiniards. Every thing was now understood and settled by these infernal agents of an infernal master, and they retired from him to furnish themselves with the necessary implements for the accomplishment of their design, and having procured a ladder of ropes as twilight began to cover the landscape

with her dusky robes, Geraldo, unseen by any one, entered the chamber of Minda, who had retired with Amelia, and having fastened it in the case of the window, lowered it gently down, and left it suspended until the midnight hour called him to the perpetration of the diabolical act.

The castle bell at length struck eleven and in half an hour after, silence reigned throughout the halls of Altenheim. Every one had retired, and Amelia and the marchioness having separated, the latter entered her chamber and having fastened her door, retired to her bed. Here she lay some moments ruminating on the event of the encounter which was to take place on the next day, and dreading the danger that threatened Count Altenheim from the youth and known expertness of Montaldo in the tournament. Suddenly a step in the passage aroused her from her reverie and filled her bosom with terror. The person whoever it was, it appeared from the sound was traversing the passage too and fro with slow and solemn pace. Her heart sunk within her for the spectre of the palace immediately rushed upon her mind. The immaterial messenger thought she, is here to prevent the inhuman Montaldo from a savage triumph over the venerable Count Altenheim. Mysterious Providence! for what was she preserved to see! She now raised herself in the bed and listening more attentively, she plainly heard, not only the step, but some person breath. From this circumstance she discovered that the intruder was at least mortal, and seemed somewhat relieved from her terrors, in consequence, for though she ardently desired the presence of the supposed spectre on the morrow, she had no desire to see him before that time. The person now walked towards the end of the passage and she heard him stop. After some moments he exclaimed:

"Some nefarious deed is in agitation! who are the villains and why is that ladder suspended from the window?"

The terrors of the marchioness prevented her from distinguishing the voice and almost overcame her as a quick step now approached her chamber door. A light tap at which caused a freezing horror to thrill through every vein, until she recognized the voice of Algoronza requesting her to open the door as danger was around her. She instantly rose, and putting on her loose night gown, opened it with the utmost astonishment!

"What, my lord," cried she, "has aroused you at this time?"

"I have not yet been to bed," replied the count, "and I thank Heaven, however melancholy the cause of my being up, that I have not, since in consequence I have probably saved your ladyship's life?"

"My life," exclaimed the marchioness.

"Listen to me a moment returned Algoronza, and I will relate. Pondering on the probable dangers that attend my venerable friend Altenheim to-morrow, and endeavoring to devise some measures to avert them, I sat some time in my room, and opening my door I traversed the passage for a few moments, when looking out of the window at the end of it I perceived a ladder suspended from your window and two men in the garden below!"

"Merciful Heaven!" interrupted Minda, "surely they cannot seek my life!"

"That I will prevent their taking," rejoined the count. "It is so dark that I cannot distinguish who the villains are, but do you remain silent and leave the rest to me. "Hark! I hear them ascending, retire to your bed and appear to sleep."

Minda now retired and Algoronza leaving the room aroused his servant and placing himself close to the

door of the chamber of the marchioness, awaited the appearance of Montaldo's villains. Presently he heard them approach the bed, and upon Minda's shrieking, he and his servant rushed in. The assassins perceived themselves discovered and endeavored to escape, but Gaspard fell beneath the sword of Algoronza, and Geraldo as he was getting out of the window, received a ball through his head from the pistol of the servant, and tumbled dead into the garden below.

The sound of the pistol reverberated through the halls of the castle, and its inhabitants, were soon roused in great wonder and amazement, and the chamber of the marchioness was immediately filled with the attendants, and soon after Amelia preceded by her father entered. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Altenheim and indeed the whole upon discovering in the requited villains, the two attendants of Montaldo. All except the count instantly supposed that Pandolfo had commanded them to murder the marchioness, but Altenheim who could see no motive for such an act, firmly rejected the idea, and commanded his people to discharge such unfounded suspicions nor hint such a thing to the prince. "The villains," said he, "have met a deserved punishment, and the thanks of myself and the marchioness are due to the noble count, who saved her from destruction yet as their motives were doubtless plunder, I must not have a person, who is my guest till to-morrow, and more sacred than a common visitor, upbraided with an action for which he could have no possible motive."

Algoronza and Minda agreed with the count, and the latter having returned her acknowledgments to the former, the attendants were ordered to carry the bodies of Gaspard and Geraldo into the Hall. Four of the attendants accordingly took up the corpse of

the first and four others descended into the garden for the carcass of Geraldo. The bodies were laid on the floor and as Altenheim and the rest entered, Montaldo descended the staircase rapidly, and demanded the cause of the confusion in the castle.

He had heard the sound of the pistol and rightly supposing that the villains had not succeeded, his guilty soul recoiled in horror! He forebore to descend on his first alarm, lest his terrors should discover him, but resuming his courage and recollecting that his all now depended on his firmness, he hastily arose and reached the hall just as they had entered with the dead bodies and inquired as has been observed, the cause of the confusion. The villain was no ways discomposed, and when Altenheim informed him he not only appeared rejoiced at the fate of his victims but complimented the marchioness on her escape, thanking Algoronza for his conduct. He, however, cunningly forebore to expatiate upon his own ignorance of the transaction rightly supposing that it would have no other tendency than to arouse suspicion. The morning now came and the bodies were carelessly thrown into the ground.

The hour fixed for the encounter between the venerable Altenheim and the murderous Montaldo was twelve and both now prepared for the moment that was to give one or the other to the grave. Altenheim with a steady serenity, that marked a noble and innocent mind beheld the approaching danger, while Pandolfo was alternately tormented with hopes and fears. If he was victorious, honour and renown would be his, but if on the contrary he should fall, futurity was dark, comfortless and uncertain, and an eternal stigma would be attached to his name. Tortured by reflections like these he beheld the hour approach, and saw the lists prepared. The marchioness and Amelia whom no

entreaties could keep in the castle, were placed on an eminence erected for the purpose, and beside them sat Algoronza to observe that no unfair advantage should be taken in the course of the combat. The vassals were arranged around and the trumpet now proclaimed the approach of the combatants. They appeared on the lists and Amelia's heart shrunk in dreadful forebodings as she viewed the difference between her beloved father and Montaldo; but when the trumpet sounded for the charge she sunk upon the shoulder of Algoronza, until she was aroused by the sound of another trumpet demanding the cessation of the combat. Montaldo trembled, but Altenheim with a firm voice, demanded who had the temerity to interrupt his purpose, when instantly a person, muffled up in a cloak rushed through the crowd, almost breathless, exclaimed :

"Forbear, Count Altenheim, to risk your invaluable life against the fury of a murderer."

All were struck with astonishment, and Montaldo, after he had in some measure recovered, demanded to know who had the insolence to accuse him of murder. The person replied, that he accused him, and throwing off his cloak every one's astonishment increased upon discovering the friar of Saint Lucia, Kartholo. Montaldo recoiled from him and now indeed dreaded the detection of some dreadful crime.

"I have accused thee of the murder of Prince Pandolfo," cried the monk, "and the intended murder of his son, and have a champion ready to prove upon thy head the truth of my assertion!"

"Let him appear" cried Montaldo, and immediately upon the sound of the trumpet, a knight completely armed, with the vizor closed appeared in the lists. This tended to increase the general wonder and the order of the combat was changed. Amelia saw her father seated safely beside her, while the stranger knight stood ready to avenge her wrongs.

Altenheim asked if either had any thing to say. Montaldo exclaimed, no; and the knight bowed in silence. The order was then given to engage and upon the third charge of the trumpet, the combatants rushed furiously upon each other. The conflict was for a long time doubtful; both lost their shields and the breast-plate of Montaldo was struck off. The knight now had the advantage, but disdaining to profit by it, he nobly tore off his own breast-plate and cast it on the ground. The fight raged with increased fury, till at length Montaldo's sword flew from his grasp, struck by his adversary's, whose weapon, the unfortunate victim of pride and ambition received, hilt deep, in his bosom. He fell and expired without a groan, while the victor exclaimed.

"Die, guilty and detested homicide, die a victim to the vengeance of Pandolfo's son."

At the same time he threw down his vizor and all eyes were bent on the victorious Florival. Amelia uttered a shriek of surprise and joy, and fainted in the arms of Altenheim, while Kartholo, casting off his monks' habit, added to the general astonishment by appearing as the spectre of the palace. Florival was soon clasped to the bosom of the marchioness; and immediately from her father, received the reviving Amelia in his arms.

"Florival," she could only exclaim, and seemed lost in the ecstasy of her feelings. Nor was the joy of every one less; the name of Florival and Pandolfo, resounded through the air, and the benedictions of the vassals were showered upon Count Ferdinand as embracing his daughter and her lover, he exclaimed:

"Well hast thou deserved her, Florival, and from this moment she is yours."

The general joy and surprise being now subsided, Altenheim ordered the body of Montaldo to be buried without any ceremony, and the group retired to the

castle to listen to the tale which Florival had to relate, who being seated by the delighted Amelia, recited every circumstance, with which the reader is already acquainted, from the moment the vessels separated until he was thrown into the sea, and then proceeded as follows:

I now gave myself up for lost, and addressed myself to Him into whose presence I expected shortly to appear, and felt perfectly resigned to die, when a spar from the wreck presented itself to my grasp, and with the last effort of almost expiring nature, I caught hold of it, I now began to conceive hopes of reaching the shore, as the wind blew directly in and the waves rolled towards the land. My hopes were fulfilled, for in about four hours after I had parted from the vessel, a wave threw me with great force from the spar, which retiring, I found myself at the distance of forty or fifty yards from the edge of the surf. I was so much bruised that when I attempted to rise, I found myself unable, and must have perished but for the kindness of a fisherman, whose hut was close by, and who soon discovered my forlorn situation. He bore me home and in two or three days I was perfectly recovered. I now began to think of returning to Altenheim and having related my story to my kind preserver, he generously offered to lend me sufficient money to carry me to Westphalia. I travelled day and night and this morning arrived at the convent of St. Lucia. There an explanation took place between the good Kartholo and myself, and from him I learnt the danger of my Amelia's father. He gave me this suit of armour and Heaven has not only put it in my power to revenge a father's death but also to make some small return for the favours I have received from you, Count Altenheim, my more than father."

Here Florival concluded, and I dare say the reader is now prepared for the conclusion of the tale, since

every mystery is developed, vice punished, and virtue triumphant and rewarded. However, I have a few more secrets to unfold, before I bid the reader for ever adieu. The mother of Bertha, who had been the means of preserving the lives of Florival and Amelia at the hut was found dead there and in her Kartholo discovered his wife, whose flight with the infamous Jaspar, taking their infant daughter with her was the reason of his joining the band of Malventi. The meeting between the father and the astonished Bertha, was truly affecting. He held her to his heart in speechless ecstasy, and the tears of the spectators flowed as fast as his own. But such scenes are easier felt than described; let us therefore only say, that Algoronza had loved the sweet girl from the moment he beheld her, and now disclosing his passion for her, found it reciprocal. He then informed her father, and the same day that made Amelia the Princess of Pandolfo, made the daughter of Kartholo the Countess Algoronza. After the rejoicings were over, Algoronza, his wife and the Marchioness Malventi departed for Spain, and the Prince and Princess of Pandolfo, with the venerable Altenheim went to reside at Dusseldorp, where the youthful pair enjoyed every felicity that virtue and benevolence can give and at length saw their good father descend in peaceful innocence to the grave.

THE END.



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How gaily rows the Gondolier.	12
He leaped into his Boat.	12
Hark, the merry Peal is Ringing.	12
Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie.	12
 I see them on their winding Way.	12
In Careless Childhood's Sunny Hours.	12
I see them on their Zion Way.	12
I've seen, at the rise of a fine Winter's Morning.	12
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My Sister dear.	12
My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane.	12
Martyr First whose Eagle Eye, (the)	12
Now rest thee here my Gondolier.	12
O'er the Brake and o'er the Mountain.	12
Oh, tell me Mary dear.	12
Oh No and oh Yes.	12
Oh no, I never can Forget.	12
Oh, how sweet when the Moon is beaming.	12
Oh Sion, oh Jerusalem.	31
Orock's Daughter, or, Oh Weave me a Garland.	25
On yonder Rock reclining.	25
Oh, for shame, little Cupid.	12
Oh, deem not that I love her less.	12
Oh Arranmore, loved Arranmore.	12
Prati oel di fiori adorne.	12
Par mille traits que l'on admire.	12
Prayer is the Burden of a Sigh.	12
Prince Charley.	12
Simile (the)	12
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Song of the Hebrew Captive.	31
Smile so Sweet.	12
Speed safely o'er the Sea, Love.	12
She little thinks 'tis mine.	12
Sometimes a Light surprises.	6
Softly when the Light of Day.	12
Strike the Harp in Praise of God.	12
Stay, stay-thy Speed, my pleasure Boat.	12
Thou, oh thou hast loved me Dearest.	12
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Why droop those gentle Lids, my Love?	12
Wandering Pilgrims here below.	12
When Jamie had left me.	12
Widow of Nain.	12
When Spring unlocks the Flowers.	12
Wandering Willie.	12
When a Maiden looks out from her Lattice on high.	12
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